

The TATLER

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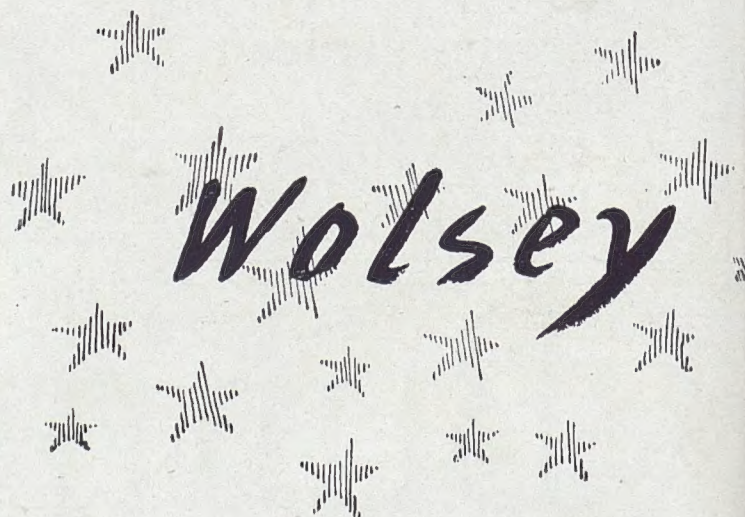
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LONDON

JUNE 26, 1946

and BYSTANDER

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Lafayette

Guards' General Organized The Victory Parade

The smooth running and complete success of the Victory Parade on June 8 was due in very large measure to General Sir Henry Charles Loyd, K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., whose direction of the extremely complicated and tightly-knit organization has been rewarded by the thanks of the King. General Loyd, who has been G.O.C. London District since 1944, is head of the Brigade of Guards, and in 1945 succeeded to the Colonelcy of the Coldstreams. When the Anglo-Egyptian Alliance of 1936 was being drawn up he was closely concerned with the military clauses which proved of such value a few years later. His wife is the former Lady Moyra Brodrick, younger daughter of the first Earl of Midleton, K.P., P.C., who, when War Secretary, acquired Salisbury Plain for the use of the Army. General and Lady Loyd have a son and a daughter



PORTTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

Books

NOTHING gives one a better insight into one's own past foibles than the ranging into a new bookcase of volumes you have hardly seen for years. What strange company one kept in one's time! Was there actually a moment in one's life illumined by the *Napoleon* of Emil Ludwig? Was one really taken in by Spaengler's *Hour of Decision*? On the other hand, not all of one's youth was pretentiously silly. Here, for instance, is a charming edition of Lucian's complete works, Greek on one page, and Latin conveniently opposite, printed in Amsterdam in 1687, and bought for sixpence off a tinker at Thame Agricultural Show, when I was fifteen. My first purchase of what one might call an antique book—and still in excellent condition, despite the rigours of school, where with great affectation I would flourish it, when called upon to translate the *Vera Historia* orally; or late at night, when I treated my little cronies to the less-respectable passages from the *Dialogues of the Gods*.

What vigour, what sparkle in Lucian's wit, after nearly two millennia, how healthy is his very bawdiness! Not the ghost of a snigger anywhere. And talking of bawdiness, where is my incomparable edition of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*, with illustrations from contemporary vase paintings of almost too lively a sort? *Lysistrata* which tells how the Athenian and Spartan wives struck to bring their husbands to sense and so end the long horror of the Peloponnesian War, has withstood the ravages of twenty-three centuries far better than *The Importance Of Being Earnest* has weathered fifty years. If only modern women had acted with equally paralysing firmness recently! Though I doubt whether their strike would have worried the scientists who worked upon the atomic bomb—dangerous celibates for the most part one suspects. Nor I imagine would it have secured the co-operation of those strapping women tank-commanders in the Soviet army.

Peace

BUT here is another invocation against war, acceptable to the chastest ear, the *Priez pour la paix, douce Vierge Marie* of Charles, duc d'Orléans (1391-1465). Charles d'Orléans was one of the most fascinating, mysterious figures of the late Middle Ages. A great swell, close relative of his unfortunate sovereign, he was taken at Agincourt, and passed years of fairly agreeable captivity in England. At Dover he wrote, as he looked longingly across the Channel:

"Combien certes que-
grant bien me faisoit
De voir France que mon
cœur amer doit."

He saw his beloved France soon after, but it did him little good; its misery and desolation, after years

of war, were of twentieth-century quality. Orléan's *Prayer for Peace*, of which I will only quote one stanza, is a measure of his disappointment then, and of ours today. It should, I think, hang above the council table at the Luxembourg these weeks:

"Priez, peuples qui souffrez tyrannie,
Car vos seigneurs sont
en telle faiblesse
Qu'ils ne peuvent vous
garder pour maistrie,
Ni vous aider en votre
grand destresse;
Loyaux marchands, la
selle si vous blesse
Fort sur le dos, chacun
vous vient presser
Et ne pouvez, mar-
chandise mener,
Car vous n'avez sûr
passage ni voie,
En maint péril vous
convient-il passer;
Priez pour paix, le vrai
trésor et joie."

Thomas Campion

ON the shelf below, I find again Thomas Campion (1567-1620), almost the last of the Euphuist poets, Gentleman Adventurer, musical theorist, experimenter in rhythms, and collaborator with the sublime Inigo Jones in many of the most brilliant masks offered to James I. Here is Campion's own account of the costumes worn by some of the players in a mask given at Whitehall Palace on Twelfth Night, 1607:

"FLORA the Queene of Flowers, attired in a changeable Taffatie Gowne with a large vale embroidered with flowers, a Crowne of Flowers, and white buskins painted with flowers. . . ."

"ZEPHYRUS in a white loose robe of sky-coloured Taffatie, with a mantle of silke, prop't with wyre, still wauing behind him as he moued; on his head hee wore a wreath of Palme deckt with Primmeroses and Violets. . . ."

Here are the first lines of one of Campion's loveliest poems, turning on a strange sort of syncopated metre which is not often to be met with:

"Kind are her answers,
But her performance
keeps no day;
Breaks time, as dancers
From their own Musicke
when they stray. . . ."

"The Way of the World"

NOW my hand falls on a sixpenny copy of Congreve's *Way of the World* still in the paper cover in which it was hawked outside the theatre in the first years of the eighteenth century. How poor and thin does the wit even of Sheridan seem beside such wonderful dialogue which Molière hardly surpassed, and which mounts almost to the regions

of poetry, particularly in the passage where the exquisitely affected Millamant announces that her hair will only sit prettily if first done up in curl-papers made from love letters *in verse*! Or where she says to her future husband, the indulgent Mirabell, ". . . let us be very strange and well bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been marry'd a great while; and as well bred as if we were not marry'd at all. . . ."

I can never pick up a copy of *The Way of the World* without being almost dazzled by the memory of Edith Evans as Millamant—in the late twenties, I suppose—at the Lyric, Hammersmith. There are moments of perfection in the theatre when one's appreciation mounts so high, it ceases to be a dispassionate appraisal, but turns into an all-offering love. On that occasion, Miss Evans's Millamant became every maddening beautiful enchantress by whom, I knew, already in those callow

years, I would eventually be tormented. The Mirabell of Robert Loraine, though not rising to heights as perilous as hers, was the very essence of the lover sensible enough to realize he is no match for his mistress's wits, and content to conquer her in time by remaining the gently unyielding object. A lesson for all of us.

Flung haphazard into their new home are three books for which I feel great affection — the *Memoires* of Charles Louis, Baron de Pollnitz (Liège, 1734), Father

Giuseppe-Maria Pancrazi's sumptuous folios on the *Antichità Siciliane* (Naples, 1751) and *Lady Hamilton's Attitudes*, dedicated to her learned saint of a husband, and the work of Frederick Rehberg, "Historical Painter in His Prussian Majesty's Service at Rome" (1794).

Eighteenth-century London

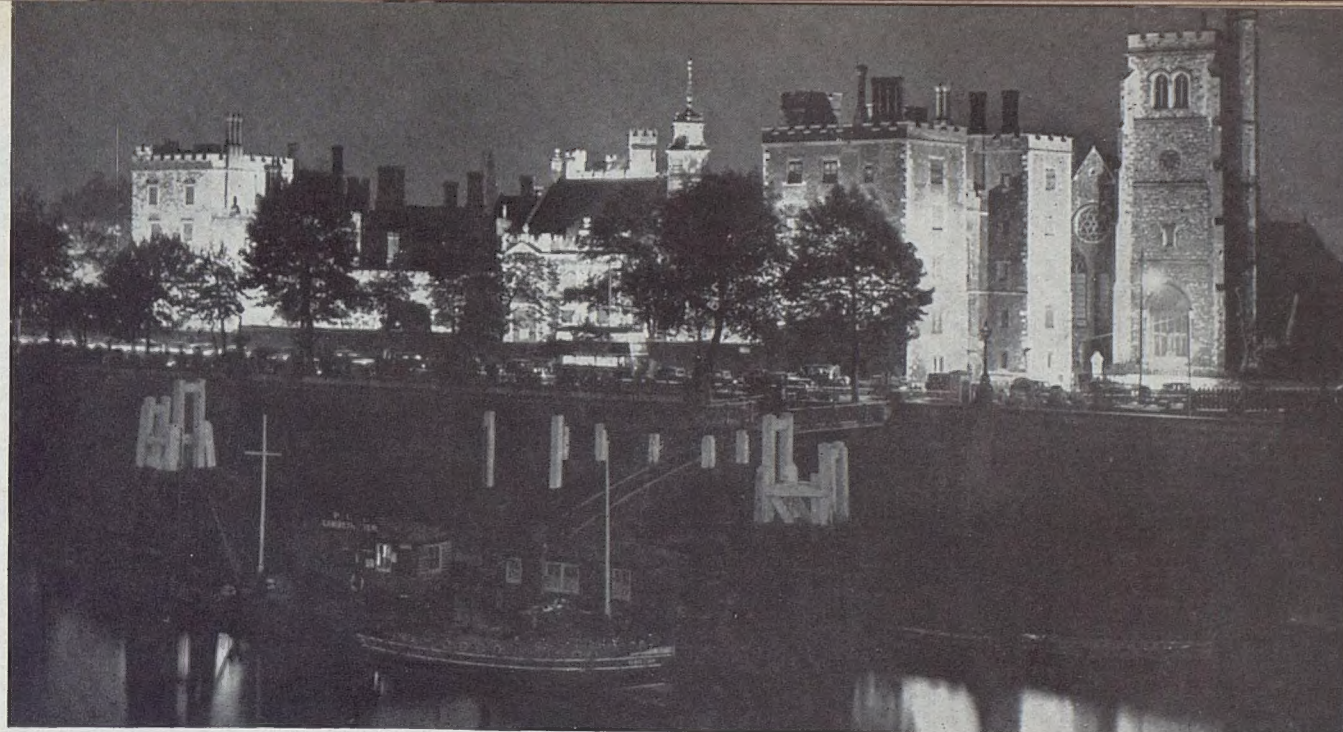
POLLNITZ's picture of the capital during the first years of George II, the bustling river life, the dazzling complexions, the slight endearing dowdiness of the tongue-tied English beauties, the national foible which led even the most spendthrift grandee to lavish all his love upon his country seat, and care little where he lodged in London—are an eternal enchantment. While Pancrazi's great book with its plates in elaborate rococo borders combines luxury and scholarship in the happiest of marriages. The spidery classicism of *Lady Hamilton's Attitudes* breathes all the "Museum fun" of the time. It evokes Beckford's party for her and Nelson in the unfinished Fonthill Abbey, and then after her oversize posturing the dreamlike extinguishment of the torches behind the triumphal carriage as it returned down the wooded hill. . . .

By me, too, lie the *Rejected Addresses* of those sharp brothers, Horace and James Smith, published on the occasion of a rebuilt Drury Lane's reopening (October, 1812). Here are, perhaps, the best collection of parodies in English—of all the literary tycoons in that age: Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Moore, Wordsworth. The following lines echo the true Wordsworthian passion for obvious detail:

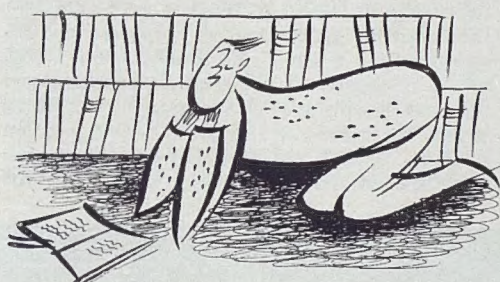
"Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go; one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet."

Sprawling, ill-assorted, below a true bibliophile's attention, here is a cross-section of my





library. No time to speak of modern books—of Lorca, Rilke, Mumford for instance. I will merely end with a quotation from that incomparable Victorian schoolbook “for tiny tots,”



Mrs. Markham's History of England, written while the American Civil War still raged. She speaks of Victorian architecture: “. . . the beautiful brickwork . . . and tiled roofs are equal to anything in the Middle Ages, while the plate-glass windows belong alone to the present age, and may be taken as a type of the increase of light we admit into our lives—for light and truth are synonymous. . . .”

AN APOLOGY TO MISS BARBARA HUTTON

In our issue of May 15, in the article “Priscilla in Paris,” we published a report to the effect that Mrs. Grant, formerly Miss Barbara Hutton, had married a Mr. McEvoy and that she and her husband had a suite at the Carlton Hotel, Cannes. This report is wholly untrue. Mrs. Grant is not married to Mr. McEvoy, and at no time since the war has she had a suite in, or stayed at, the Carlton Hotel. The TATLER can only express its great regret and apologies to Mrs. Grant and take this opportunity of stating that there is no truth whatsoever in the statement made by it. The TATLER readily admits that Mrs. Grant has treated the matter most generously by accepting this apology, coupled with a substantial payment to the Maternity Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital by the TATLER, as disposing of the unfortunate incident.



London Floodlit for Victory Week

Many public buildings in London were floodlit at night during Victory Week. The beauty of the effects obtained can be judged from these pictures of Lambeth Palace and the Houses of Parliament

That Naughty Academy!

I AM a teeny-weeny bit peeved at the management of the Academy Theatre which this week is presenting a double bill—*The Forgotten Village* and *Frenzy*. I am peeved because the programme cites thirteen film critics in praise of the first film while ignoring your humble servant in *The Tatler*. Which naturally sent me to my press cutting book to see in what way I had offended. I found this:

"I went to *The Forgotten Village* prepared to snooze through some prickly, sun-drenched story of no interest. The picture was announced as being by John Steinbeck, who had written in the synopsis: 'It means very little to know that a million Chinese are starving unless you know one Chinese who is starving.' I entirely agree. To be perfectly candid, it would have meant very little to me if the picture intended to show the whole population of Mexico dying of tsetse-fly or humming-birditis. Now, after this preamble, let me say with maximum sincerity that I watched this picture, lasting an hour and ten minutes, in entire and complete absorption. It told again the old story of dirt, ignorance, prejudice and superstition, and showed how an entire village would rather its babies perished than that they should be saved by a vaccine drawn from a cow or a horse. (A few people in this enlightened country still hold this view, including, I understand, one extremely distinguished dramatist.) The photography was entirely remarkable, with none of that nonsense about using the cinema cinematically, the Mexican peasants acted with superb naturalness, and the film was blessedly silent save for some appropriate music and the story-telling of Burgess Meredith, who used so much tact that while one got the full

sense of what he was saying one was quite unconscious that one was being spoken to."

No, reader, I am not quoting myself because I am lazy, but because I can't improve now upon what I wrote on May 17, 1944. And now for a little ancient history. Years ago I wrote about some actress that she was like "an Alp at dawn." After which I went on: "It is only proper to say that I can't remember ever having seen an Alp, and that it is many years since I beheld the dawn." I was horrified to find on the following Tuesday morning the walls of the theatre plastered with the words: "James Agate says, 'An Alp at Dawn.'" Reflecting on this I feel that the fault is not the Academy's but mine. That if in the notice of *The Forgotten Village* I had written some such phrase as "Popocatepetl at Dawn," I should have received the honours of quotation as freely as anybody else. It only remains for me to say that I still regard *The Forgotten Village* as a wonderfully moving little film, and exhort everybody to go and see it.

BUT I think it was a mistake to show this little masterpiece in front of *Frenzy*, since in my view the Swedish piece doesn't stand up to the comparison. Talking of comparisons it was rather fun comparing my Sunday monitresses. One said she was unable to see this film "without experiencing a certain genial glow; the sort of glow one gets from a dip in the sea or from hearing the overture to *The Marriage of Figaro* well played, or from the scent of miles

of gorse on a hot spring day." The other was struck all of a Dilysian heap: "The character of the master, bullying at one moment, cringing and whimpering at the next, calculating his methods of torment, relishing his vicious triumphs, is completely expressed. Nobody would suggest that this is an everyday type; but then no more is Iago; the point is that on the screen the man is convincing, solid, a monster, but a flesh-and-blood monster who persuades by the very enormity of his madness. The playing of the part by Stig Järrel is a *tour de force*; this is a performance which makes the usual screen actors of the horrific look like something out of a charade."

But then I know what "got" the dear lady. "The visual detail, both of setting and of behaviour, is memorable: a lamp swinging on its flex as the boy stumbles through the dead girl's room. . . ." Wonderful what a Bit of String can do! Whereas I, realist and clod-hopper, want to know what a tobacconist's assistant is doing with a flat as big as my own with innumerable doors and, in the matter of lighting, an electrician's paradise. And whether, in Sweden, shop girls drink themselves to death at twenty? But then I am not intellectually gammonable. And being ungammonable I am afraid I think that *Frenzy* is a little bogus. I believe in a schoolmaster who cares nothing at all for women, but wants to lick the hides off the little beasts in front of him. And I am prepared to believe in a schoolmaster who likes tobacconists' assistants

James Agate

AT

A Great Performance

Frederick Valk in "The Brothers Karamazov"

THE TATLER's rarely-given commendation "Great Performance" goes to Frederick Valk for his playing of the father in *The Brothers Karamazov* at the Lyric, Hammer-smith. He brilliantly interprets one of the least attractive characters in fiction. Valk, who is a Czech, was for many years leading actor at the Kammerspiele Theatre, Munich, and came to England in 1939 to play in *Alien Corn* at Wyndham's. Later he appeared in *They Knew What They Wanted* and *Thunder Rock*, before joining the Old Vic and acting Shakespearean parts with great success both in London and Liverpool. In particular his version of *Othello*, for Donald Wolfitt's production, made a deep impression. His last appearance before *The Brothers Karamazov* was as the bartender in William Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life*. He has also appeared in films, including *The Watch on the Rhine* (in the play of which name he took over Anton Walbrook's part), and *Dead of Night*.



Photographs by
Angus McBean

" . . . I am afraid of Ivan . . . " It is great acting

THE PICTURES

to the exclusion of school-room pleasantries. What I don't believe in is the sadistic usher who distributes his favours indifferently, and hums to himself à la *Floradora*:

Yes, I must thrash some one really,
And it might as well be you.

But let me leave the subject. Sadism is a deep and hidden thing, for ignorance of which, let me trust, I shall not be rebuked, as à Kempis says, at the day of judgment.

THERE are, however, declared and open matters in which civilization stands in great danger of rebuke. These are crooning and jazz. Between which, however, I am prepared to make a nice, a very nice distinction. I hold that crooning is ultimately forgivable, but that jazz, swing, jive and all the rest of these filthy noises can never be taken out of the category of the abominable. After all, we have to remember that films like *Do You Love Me?* (Gaumont) are written for errand boys and nursemaids, junior clerks and typists. It is Dick Haymes who wants to know whether Maureen O'Hara loves him, and Dick, of course, is the well-known crooner. He is a nice, pleasant-looking, ugly fellow with a jowl like a rueful bulldog. But the moment he opens his glottis entire audiences swoon, with the exception of those who are thrown into epileptic fits. Well, it ill-becomes any film critic who has ever been inside a theatre to mount the high horse about this. Let me go back to the year 1879 and see what the great French critic, Sarcy, had to

say about the first appearance in England of a young French actress, name of Sarah Bernhardt, and her reception by the London public of that day: "One critic cuts Rachel's throat and offers her up as a sacrifice to the new idol. Another declares Mlle Sarah Bernhardt to be not only the first of living actresses, but the greatest actress of all time. Between them they use all the adjectives there are and regret that the English language is so poor. When the new actress ceases to speak and gives way to another player they fall into a catalepsy."

Now let us hear a later English critic, Arthur Symonds, one of the most cultured men that ever made part of a theatrical audience. Here is his picture of her: "Never have I forgotten the thrill that went all over me as she gave me her hand to kiss: which I did with all the fervour of my fiery youth. Her fingers were covered with rings, her long and slender fingers; the nails were dyed with red henna—which I saw afterwards in the East. She was then at the zenith of her fame and of her beauty. There was the "golden voice," with the Jewish drawl over the syllables—a voice that penetrated one's very heart, as the aching notes of the violins can penetrate one's heart and one's nerves." And of her in another play, Harancourt's *La Passion de Jésus Christ*, in which she had to take the part of the Virgin Mary: "Suddenly Sarah appeared; gorgeous, covered with rich raiment, wearing all her jewels, painted and made up with her conscious art; wonderful, languid, languorous. She began; then, as always, her

voice touched me, as if nerve thrilled nerve, and as if, as in Verlaine's superb phrase, *le contour subtil* of the voice were laid lingering on one's spinal chord." And then the audience began to hiss, the Parisians having some sort of muddled notion that the play was blasphemous and that the Virgin Mary should not be acted by a Jewess. There was a great commotion and finally Sarah withdrew like a furious tigress.

The point of the foregoing? The words "*le contour subtil* of the voice were laid lingering on one's spinal chord." It is only fair to Dick Haymes to grant that when he sings:

Do you love me,
Do you love me,
Do you love me,
Do you love me?

Tell me, do!

he impresses the unsophisticated film-goers of today in the same way that Sarah impressed the London critics more than sixty years ago. And that when he sings:

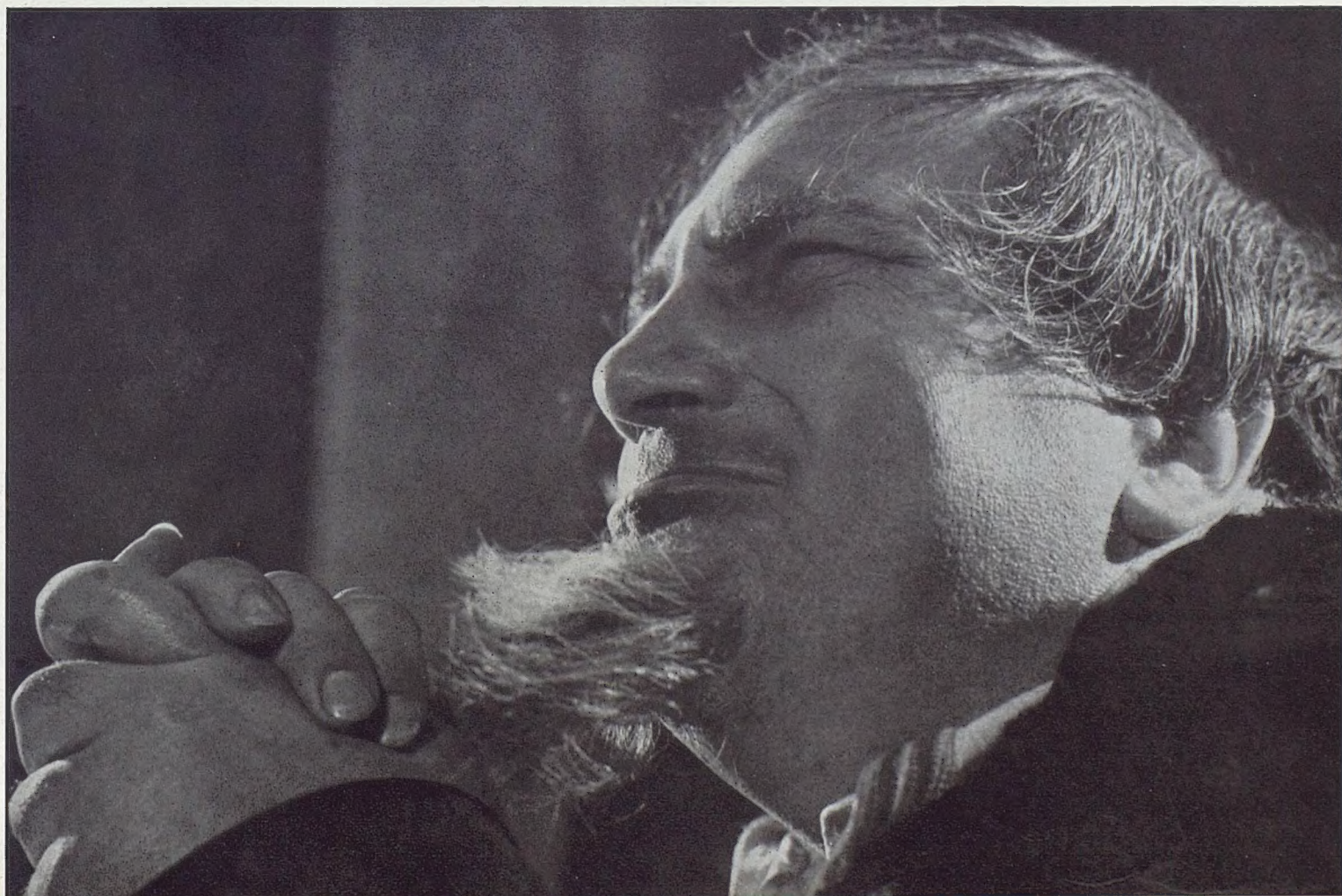
Do I thrill you,
Do I thrill you,
Do I thrill you,
Do I thrill you,

Through and through?

he is having the same effect on the cinema-goer's spinal chord that Sarah had on Verlaine's.

BUT for the modern jam session which in this film is made to follow immediately upon the last movement of Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, I can find no excuse, any more than I can find words to describe the acting of Maureen O'Hara, who doesn't. Harry James can blow his own trumpet; I shan't. And Reginald Gardiner is badly treated by the camera, which makes him look, as Mrs. Patrick Campbell said of a rival beauty, as though he had two glass eyes.

No One Has Played Old Karamazov Better Than Valk



The Theatre

"Grand National Night" (Apollo)



Gerald Coates (Leslie Banks), the husband whom the police suspect of murder, and the woman he loves, Joyce Penrose (Olga Edwardes)

AN evening of accomplished verbal fencing, Mr. Leslie Banks slowly giving ground, without loss of nerve, urbanity or fighting spirit, before the firm cut-and-thrust of a sharp-eyed but fair dealing detective-inspector. There is no mystery about the affair. Miss Hermione Baddeley, a jealous dipsomaniac, dashed off with an abandon stopping just short of burlesque, has come by her death accidentally. The long-suffering husband, thinking he has killed her and not wishing to involve the woman for whose sake he was about to divorce his wife, leaves her body in a car some miles from his house. It is his story that she did not come home on Grand National night, but stayed late in Liverpool making whoopee on her winnings. He leaves the police to assume that she was robbed and, in her struggle with the unknown, died of heart failure. That is the pretext for the long-drawn-out duel between Mr. Banks and Mr. Campbell Copelin, a forthrightly effective actor, which is the rest of the play. Some have considered it a somewhat unpersuasive pretext, but, however that may be, I found the subsequent proceedings not only plausible but pleasantly exciting.

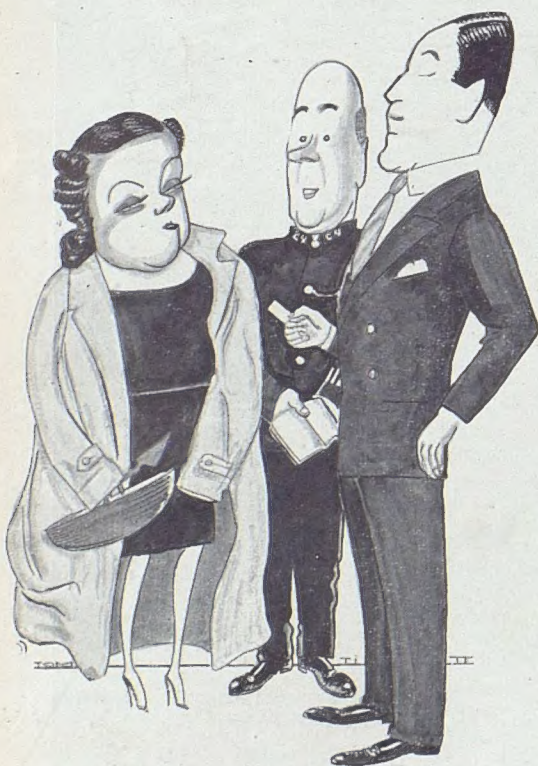
THE authors, Dorothy and Campbell Christie, having got through their prologue, are to the extent of one more scene still involved in perilous preliminaries. They have to show how acceptable to the hero's own set—made up of slightly raffish women and hard-drinking men—and, apparently to the police also, is his trumped-up story. They manage this adroitly by means of a party, bringing back Miss Baddeley as a warm-hearted vulgarian, and setting the testy solicitor of Mr. Frederick Lloyd at humorous odds with the delightful bore of Mr. Archibald Batty. They also contrive at the same time to establish the essential honesty of the hero's relations with the not at all raffishly-inclined Joyce of Miss

Olga Edwardes. Once these preliminaries are out of the way the duel between amateur liar and professional investigator is on. Mr. Banks has only to display his natural charm and the high nerve becoming to a notable steeplechase rider, Mr. Copelin has only to press the clues that have unforeseeably turned up, and the play is home.

THE authors may claim to have made things exceedingly easy for the actors. They also make things exceedingly easy for the audience. There is nothing complicated about the story. Only three or four clues threaten to throw the intrepid liar—his wife's hand-mirror, discovered beneath the cushion of a chair by a housemaid, the shoes she had peevishly kicked off and ordered the butler to take away, and a return ticket to Liverpool, which pops out of the raincoat he has lent to his sister-in-law. The hand-mirror and the shoes are ingeniously but only partially explained away. All depends on the railway ticket, for if it can be proved that the urbane dissembler was in Liverpool on Grand National night, then both mirror and shoes will be back in the picture. There is a nicely arranged penultimate scene in which the detective tries to bluff the hard-pressed Mr. Banks into a compromise, and there is in the end a delightfully impudent theatrical stroke which brings matters to a head. Mr. Charles Groves, as the ancient retainer, supports the principals with one of those supposedly easy, but frequently bungled performances which, as he gives it, unfailingly increases or slackens tension, as occasion requires. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Vincent Holman, for the trouble he takes over the small part of the village policeman: he and Mr. Copelin keep the comedy of professional jealousy usefully alive. The piece may be commended to all who have a taste for quiet in thrillers and who prefer them threaded through with human interest.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

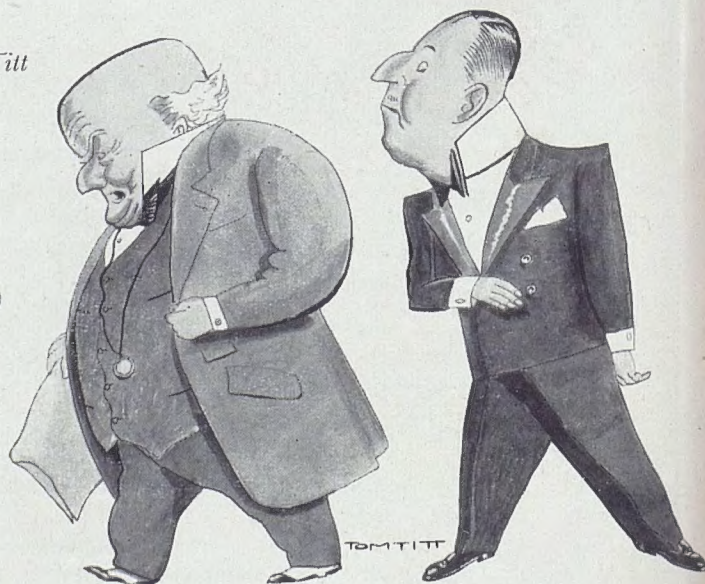
Sketches by
Tom Tilt



Pinkie Collins (Hermione Baddeley), the warm-hearted sister of the murdered woman, stands up to the law in the shape of Sergeant Gibson (Vincent Holman) and Detective-Inspector Ayling (Campbell Copelin)



Morton (Charles Groves), the faithful butler who does his best to foil the police



Philip Balfour (Frederick Lloyd), the lawyer, finds the persistent company of Buns Darling (Archibald Batty), the gossip-monger and the murdered woman's escort, extremely tiresome



Yevonde

The bride and bridegroom, with Lord Richard Percy, the bridegroom's brother and best man, and the bridal attendants: Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, sister of the bride, Miss Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott, cousin of the bride, and the Marquess of Clydesdale, nephew of the bridegroom.

HOUSES OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND BUCCLEUCH UNITE IN MARRIAGE



HUGH ALGERNON PERCY, tenth Duke of Northumberland, and Lady Elizabeth Diana Montagu-Douglas-Scott, elder daughter of the eighth Duke of Buccleuch and the Duchess of Buccleuch, were married at Westminster Abbey in the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family

The wedding is described on the two succeeding pages





The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, talked to the Dean of Westminster outside the Abbey after the ceremony



Mrs. Phillips, who is a daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, and Mrs. Dennis Alexander



Lady Ainsworth, wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, whose husband is the King's trainer



Miss D. Leigh, Miss Diana Drummond and Miss Edwina Drummond

Northumberland — Buccleuch Wedding

IN the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, Queen Mary, King George of the Hellenes and the Duchess of Kent, two of the oldest and greatest ducal houses of England and Scotland were joined together by the marriage of the Duke of Northumberland to Lady Elizabeth Montagu-Douglas-Scott, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, in Westminster Abbey.

The Abbey was beautifully decorated with huge vases of mixed summer flowers and arum lilies, a wonderful setting for the bride, who arrived with her father, the Duke of Buccleuch. She looked radiant and very beautiful in her wedding gown of white satin, cut with a full skirt which fell into a long train. Her tulle veil was held in place by a coronet of pearls and diamonds, and instead of a bouquet she carried an

ivory-coloured Prayer Book. The bride's sister, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, was the only bridesmaid, and her little red-haired cousin, Miss Margaret Montagu-Douglas-Scott, carried the train. The bridegroom's little nephew, the Marquess of Clydesdale, was a page, and looked very smart in a kilt of the Douglas tartan with a black velvet jacket and lace ruffles. The two girls wore most attractive long dresses of white faille with white flower head-dresses and bouquets.

Lord Richard Percy was best man to his brother, and among the ushers at the ceremony were the bride's only brother, the Earl of Dalkeith, in naval uniform (he had just got back from the Middle East in time for the wedding), Earl Haig, the Earl of Euston, Lt. Michael Baillie-Grohman, the Hon. "Jakey" Astor and his brother Michael, Mr. Gavin Astor, Mr. John Herbert, Major the Hon. Robert

Palmer, and Mr. Dennis Daly, a cousin of the bride, who was on leave from Eton for the occasion.

MRS. A. V. ALEXANDER kindly lent Admiralty House for the reception which followed the ceremony, and among the 1500 guests, besides many well-known people were the indoor and outdoor staffs from the estates in England and Scotland of both families, Wrens who had worked with the bride during the war, both here and in Australia, where she did such a magnificent job, and men of the Merchant Navy as well as the Royal Navy. Also among the guests were fellow-workers with the Duchess of Buccleuch in the W.V.S. in Scotland, Nannies, governesses, hunt servants; in fact, no one connected with either family was left out. The Duchess of Buccleuch, looking very attractive in a dress of a lovely soft shade of blue, with a large hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, received the guests with the Duke of Buccleuch and Helen Duchess of Northumberland, who had also



Sir John and Lady Anderson and the Rt. Hon. W. E. Elliot and Mrs. Elliot were among those waiting to be received by the bride and bridegroom at the reception



The Earl and Countess of Minto. Lord Minto, who is the fifth Earl, succeeded his father in 1914



The Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, sister of the bridegroom, and Helen Duchess of Northumberland, the bridegroom's mother



Queen Mary was among the members of the Royal Family who attended the wedding

chosen blue for her dress, but in a turquoise shade. In addition, she wore a silver-fox cape, with a hat trimmed with feathers, and rows of lovely pearls.

THE Royal Party all came on to the reception, where they mingled in a charming and informal way with the guests. The King was in naval uniform and the Queen in a duck-egg blue dress and coat, with a hat to match trimmed with flowers. Princess Elizabeth wore a little white flower-trimmed hat with her fawn coat, Princess Margaret had also chosen a white hat to wear with her blue coat. The Duchess of Kent looked lovely in a dark-brown velvet coat, with which she wore a small brimless hat trimmed with orange paradise plumes. She had two lovely diamond clips in her lapel and clip ear-rings to match. Queen Mary, who looked well in blue, was there when the wedding-cake was cut. This was a wonderful four-tiered cake which had been sent as a present from Australia and had only arrived just in time the day before the wedding! There was a second cake,

too, only two-tiered, but beautifully iced and decorated and made by the cook at Drumlanrig Castle.

Among some of the relations at the reception were the bride's ninety-one-year-old great-aunt, Louise Countess of Antrim, who was walking around meeting many friends; the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, the bridegroom's sister and brother-in-law, there to see their son and heir carry out his duties as page; the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, Commodore and Lady Margaret Hawkins, Lady Sybil Phipps in green, with her daughter, Diana, who looked pretty in pale blue; Lady Burghley, looking attractive in beige, was accompanied by two of her daughters; Mrs. Bowes Daly, over from Ireland and wearing blue; Lord William Scott, Lady Angela Dawney and Lady George Scott. Others wending their way slowly through these fine reception rooms were the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Earl and Countess of Bradford, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Mrs. Mary Newall, Sir John and Lady Anderson, Mrs. A. V. Alexander with her daughter,

Mrs. Evison, Lord and Lady Woolton, Lord and Lady Wakehurst (who were at Government House, Sydney, when the bride was in Australia), and Lady Wakehurst's sister, Mrs. Walter Elliot, who was there with her husband.

Others present were Mr. and Mrs. George Mathers, Lady Stratheden and Campbell, Lady Anthony Meyer, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Col. Andrew and Lady Victoria Scott (who looked nice in a red-printed dress) with her two sisters, Lady Irene Astor and Lady Alexandra Howard-Johnston.

FOR her going-away dress the bride chose a pale-blue crepe dress, with a big hat turned off her face and trimmed with ostrich feathers and veiling. The young couple motored down to Albury Park, the Duke's seat in Surrey, for the first part of the honeymoon, after which they are going to live at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland.

Jennifer



Harlip

The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray is the wife of Mr. John Anthony Jerningham Murray, Grenadier Guards, and is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Hardinge of Penshurst. Her husband, who is the eldest son of Mrs. J. C. Murray, is a grandson of the late Sir Henry Jerningham, Bt., who died in 1935



Viscountess Maitland is the widow of the late Viscount Maitland, who was killed in action in 1943. Her husband was the only son of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale. Lady Maitland has three daughters, Mary Helena, Anne Priscilla and Elizabeth Sylvia. She is the younger daughter of Sir Herbert Charles Perrott, Bt.



Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. David Woodhouse married Lord Terrington's son and heir in 1942. She is the daughter of Col. T. S. Irwin, of Justicetown, Carlisle. Her husband served with the Norfolk Regiment in North Africa from 1939 to 1945. They have one daughter, Lavinia Valerie, who was born in 1943

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

RAIN, which did so much to mar the Victory celebrations, robbed the Overseas party given by the Government at Hampton Court Palace of much of its attraction and charm, for the guests, who numbered over 1000, could find but little fun in wandering through the gardens, however lovely, and however beautifully floodlit, in the midst of a downpour.

Their Majesties, who drove over from Royal Lodge, had intended to walk through the grounds, but this plan, too, was wrecked by the rain. Representatives of some twenty-four nations found much to interest them in the great apartments of State, and in the long Orangery there was a plentiful buffet. Queen Mary came with Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, and two members of the Government, Mr. Chuter Ede, the Home Secretary, and Mr. George Tomlinson, the Minister of Works, with their wives, received the guests, Royal and other, at the east entrance. The King and Queen stayed until well after eleven o'clock before driving to Buckingham Palace.

PRINCESS AT OPERA

THE HON. MRS. DENYS LOWSON, chairman of the First Night Committee, received Princess Elizabeth on her arrival at the Cambridge Theatre for the first night of *La Bohème*, which was given in aid of the Returned British Prisoners-of-War Association, of which the Princess is patron. Her Royal Highness sat in one of the boxes with a small party of friends. During one of the intervals, Mrs. Lowson, wearing a most attractive midnight-blue dress, went on to the stage and said that £2500 had been raised by this first night.

Viscount Tarbat, who is chairman of the Association, was sitting in the stalls with Mrs. Mendoza, who was looking most attractive in a printed dress. The Marquess and Marchioness of Cholmondeley, the latter wearing rows of very fine pearls, Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson-Taylor

and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Pattison were just a few of those I noticed in the audience.

COMMANDOS' BALL

AFTER the opera Princess Elizabeth, who wore a long, printed evening dress, went on to the Commandos' Ball at the Dorchester, where she was received by the Countess Fitzwilliam, president, and Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, chairman, of the Ball Committee. Her Royal Highness had a table for six, and in her party were her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Margaret Egerton; her cousins, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone and the Master of Elphinstone; Lt.-Cdr. Peter Ashmore and Lord Strickland. At a table next to the Royal party Major-Gen. and Mrs. Bob Laycock, the latter wearing a fine emerald necklace with her pretty brocade dress, had a big party which included the Marquis and Marquessa de Casa Maury, Lord and Lady Cowdray, the Hon. Kay Norton, Viscount and Viscountess Lambton, Sir Charles and Lady Birkin, Mrs. Vincent Paravicini wearing the prettiest dress in the room, embroidered all over in sequins, Lord and Lady Adare, and Lord Bruntisfield, whom I saw partnering Mrs. Laycock's sister, Penelope Dudley Ward.

Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, whom I saw dancing with her brother-in-law, the Marquess of Hartington, had a big party too, including her sister-in-law, Lady Anne Cavenish, and Lady Anne Hunloke, looking pretty in blue, who was partnering Mr. Cosmo Crawley, who, I noticed, was a very fine exponent of the old-fashioned waltz. Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Lord Aberdare, Mr. Tommy Egerton and Lady Sykes were others in this party. Dr. Malcolm Sargent and his son were at Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's table, where there were such racing enthusiasts as Lady Joan Philipps, her niece Lady Diana Stuart-Wortley, Mr. Dermot Daly, Mrs. Spencer and Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne.

The Hon. Geoffrey Russell was dancing with his pretty fiancée, Miss Winn, and both were receiving many congratulations on their engagement, which had just been announced. Young married couples dancing together were Sir Anthony and Lady Tichborne, Lord and Lady Ronaldshay, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, who were in a party with the Marquess and Marchioness of Douro, Lord and Lady Ranfurley and Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles.

EMBASSY RECEPTION

THE Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Moniz de Aragao held a reception at their delightful Embassy in Mount Street, as the invitation said, "To meet the heads of the Brazilian Forces who took part in the Victory Parade." This was a brilliant gathering with many of the Corps Diplomatique there, and the scene was enhanced by the presence of so many exquisitely-dressed women for which South America is famed; some of their hats, in particular, were beautiful. M. de Aragao, now the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps at the Court of St. James's, received the guests with his wife, who is a very charming hostess.

The guests were introduced as they arrived to Vice-Admiral Alfredo Carlos Soares Dutra and Mme. Dutra, Gen. Zenobia de Costa and Air-Brigadier Altair Eugenio Roszanyi, who were standing with the Ambassador and Mme. de Aragao. These three Service chiefs were magnificent in the exceedingly smart uniforms of their country. The guests were able to stroll through the panelled reception rooms, hung with fine tapestries, and there was a buffet upstairs as well as one running the whole length of the panelled dining-room downstairs. Among members of the Diplomatic Corps at the party were the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Portuguese Ambassador and the Duchess of Palmella, the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. de las Barcenás, the Duke and Duchess of Luna



Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Colin Dalrymple is the wife of Major the Hon. Colin Dalrymple, Scots Guards, and the daughter of Major John Lamplugh Wickham. Her husband is the youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Stair, and they were married in 1945. Mrs. Dalrymple served with the Red Cross overseas during the war



Miss Maureen Susan Millar is the captain of the Cambridge Women's Squash Rackets team. She is at Newnham studying classics and came out in 1943. She is the only daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. M. Millar. Her mother was the former Miss May Leitch, the left-handed woman golfer



Pearl Freeman

Miss Rosemary Diana Vaughan is to marry Mr. Arthur Morton Fisher, of Halden, Harpenden, Hertfordshire, in July. She is in the W.R.N.S., and is the elder daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Vaughan, of 7, Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea. Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Fisher, of the White House, Torquay

(who was in an attractive feathered hat), and the Argentine Ambassador with Mme. Espil.

The Count and Countess Sagasta were present with their two attractive daughters, who were much admired. Count Dembinski was there with Countess Dembinski, who had just returned from a visit to Paris, and told me that she had seen many of the hats at the party a few weeks ago in Paris. I met the Dowager Lady Swaythling and Marie Marchioness of Willingdon chatting on the stairs; Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme were the centre of a group of friends; while Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was chatting to Mr. William Teeling, always an amusing raconteur. Mrs. Corrigan, very smart in black, I met in one of the less-crowded reception-rooms upstairs.

Others at this exceptionally good party were the Colombian Ambassador and Mme. Echandia, Air Marshal Sir Leonard and Lady Slatter, Lady Bethell, attractive in black, and Sir John and Lady Dashwood.

ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

IN the precincts of the ancient and historic Gate House of the Grand Priory at Clerkenwell (headquarters of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem) Lady Louis Mountbatten, wife of Lord Louis Mountbatten, who was created a Viscount in the Birthday Honours, Superintendent-in-Chief of the Nursing Corps and Divisions of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, gave a most interesting talk. Speaking magnificently, without a note, she told us in as brief a way as possible all that this wonderful organisation is doing both in Britain and all over the Empire, and how it has switched from wartime to peacetime work and is coping with the many difficulties of to-day. She then gave a vivid account of all she had seen in the Far East, Australia and New Zealand during her recent tour, and said how impressed she had been with the splendid job the native members of St. John are doing. She had seen men and women of different castes and religions working side by side to tend the sick, forgetting their differences in the call of their humane work. She spoke, too, of her visit to leper colonies, and dwelt on one instance in particular of the way in which St. John workers moved a colony of 500 sufferers, taking them a considerable distance under most difficult conditions owing to the great lack of transport.

In Australia she found the greatest enthusiasm for the organisation, and the same in New Zealand, where a big percentage of the young boys and girls are tremendously keen. They

join as cadets, and in the more remote districts they hold weekly St. John Ambulance Brigade rallies on horseback, when they ride to a meeting-place to listen to lectures on first aid, nursing, welfare, etc. The number of efficiency badges she found these young people already wearing was amazing and showed their keenness and enthusiasm.

Gen. Sir Clive Liddell, Chief Commissioner of St. John, spoke, and so did Col. Sir James Sleeman, Chief Commissioner of St. John overseas, who was knighted for his work with the organisation in the recent Birthday Honours. At the meeting I met Mrs. Copland-Griffiths, who is responsible for the women personnel overseas; Miss Maclaren, a charming Canadian, very smart in her uniform of the Canadian branch of St. John, of which she is Superintendent-in-Chief; Lady Dunbar-Nasmith, who is Lady Louis Mountbatten's Deputy Superintendent; Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, a Dame of the Order of St. John; and the Countess of Lytton, whose husband, the Earl of Lytton, was created a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in 1933. Lady Cromer, looking charming in her uniform, told me she had been that morning to see her little grandson, Viscount and Viscountess Errington's infant son and heir, the arrival of whom has caused great rejoicing in the family. The very attractive French-born Countess of Bessborough, who works hard for the organisation in the country, told me she seldom gets to London now as she has so much to do with the various county organisations she works for; her very pretty daughter, Lady Moyra Browne, who is staff officer in charge of the Nursing Cadets, was chatting to Mrs. Girouard and the Countess of Brecknock, who are two more hard workers in the London district.

JOINT HOST AND HOSTESS

A DANCE given on Saturday, June 15th, by a joint host and hostess, Major Herbert Holt and Mrs. Charles Tremayne, for their respective débutante daughters, was a gay and very successful affair. The large ball-room was crowded with guests, who all seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Among the first to arrive were Lord Delamere with his attractive wife and his two daughters, the Hon. Anne and the Hon. Elizabeth Cholmondeley, Lord Plunket, Miss Sonia Graham-Hodgson and Mr. Filmer-Sankey.

As the evening continued, reels took the place of fox-trots for a time, and dancing them were Miss Sheena Mackintosh, whose mother, Lady

Jean Mackintosh, had given a successful dance for her the previous night jointly with Mme. Bohn at the latter's house in Cadogan Square; Mr. Paul Methuen, Miss Jennifer Langton, Lady Newman's two attractive daughters, Annabel and Lynette, and their cousin, Mr. Robert Grimston, who is the elder son of the ex-Treasurer of His Majesty's Household. Seated on the floor during the cabaret I saw Miss Patricia Beauchamp, Miss Jane Livingstone-Learmonth, who was looking outstandingly pretty and wore long gloves with her white lace dress; Mr. Douglas and the Hon. Gloria Curzon, for whom Mrs. Hawkins recently gave a dance and whose many guests were still talking of the excellent supper which was served to them at midnight on that occasion!

Before the end of the evening popular dances such as the Palais Glide and the Hoky-Poky had been most energetically danced, and at one time a Viennese waltz played to the tune of the Eton Boating Song was accompanied by an uproarious chorus from the dancers.

Downstairs in the refreshment-room I saw Miss Venetia Wills, who was wearing a lovely dress of turquoise blue tulle with pale pink roses on either shoulder; Miss Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, who is a granddaughter of Viscount Fitzalan of Derwent, and Miss Mary Clare Fitzgerald. The Hon. Karis Mond was also there, as well as Miss Elizabeth Batten, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers Cocks and the Hon. Sheila Butler, who told me that her elder sister, the Hon. Mrs. Atholl Duncan, has just returned from a holiday in Sweden.

PICTURES FOR THE HOSPITALS

THANKS to the co-operation of the President, Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.A., and Council of Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the excellent idea of having pictures in hospitals to cheer up those convalescing is now materialising. The idea is that peaceful and colourful landscapes, for example, will ease the boredom of staring at blank walls, and thus help recovery. Any gift towards a picture is a permanent gift for all time and the R.W.S. is sponsoring the plan and willing to accept contributions towards purchasing pictures.

More news for picture-lovers is that Lord Fitzwilliam has kindly loaned his wonderful collection of Stubbs paintings from Wentworth Woodhouse to be exhibited from July 1st for a month at 16B, Grafton Street, in aid of the South London Hospital for Women and Children, of which Her Majesty the Queen is President.

Commandos' Ball

Held at the Dorchester Hotel



Among those present at the Ball, which was in aid of the Commandos' Benevolent Fund, were (left to right): Mr. R. Henderson, Miss Diane Critchley, Mr. B. V. McNerny, Miss Jean McNerny, Mrs. Mark Ostrer, Col. Dundas-Hamilton, Miss Barbara Venning, Capt. C. McNerny, Miss Joyce Spilman and Mr. Mark Ostrer



The Marquess of Hartington and the Hon. Mrs. David Ormsby-Gore, wife of Lord Harlech's son and heir



Lady Rosemary Dunn, daughter of the sixth Earl of St. Germans, and Lt.-Col. de Lisle



Major Gerard Leigh and the Marchioness of Douro, wife of the Duke of Wellington's son and heir



Earl Fitzwilliam and Major-Gen. Robert Laycock, who was appointed Chief of Combined Operations in 1943



Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, chairman of the Ball; Countess Fitzwilliam, president; and Mrs. Robert Laycock, deputy chairman



Capt. Colchester and Miss Mollie Biddulph, daughter of the Hon. Michael and Lady Amy Biddulph

Four Generations of the Swedish Royal Family

At the Christening of King Gustaf's Great-Grandson

THE infant son of Prince Gustaf Adolf (grandson of King Gustaf of Sweden) and Princess Sibylle, was christened Prince Carl Gustaf in the private chapel of the Royal Palace at Stockholm. The King, the sisters of the infant Prince and many other members of the Swedish Royal Family were present at the ceremony.

King Gustaf was born in 1858 and succeeded to the throne in 1907. The infant Prince, who is the grandson of the Heir Apparent, Prince Gustaf Adolf, has four elder sisters, Princesses Margaretha, Birgitta, Desirée and Christina



King Gustaf holding his great-grandson, with the child's grandfather, the Heir Apparent (centre), and his father, Prince Gustaf Adolf (left)



Princess Sibylle carrying Prince Carl Gustaf after the christening. Behind are two of her four daughters



The Royal Family and guests during the christening ceremony in the private chapel of the Royal Palace at Stockholm

Eric von Stroheim Gives a Party at Barbizon

● Eric von Stroheim gave a birthday party recently for his co-star, Denise Vernac. They had just finished making the film *On ne meurt pas comme ça*, and were holidaying at Barbizon. This is a picturesque village in the forest near Fontainebleau much patronised by the artistic world. It was a favourite haunt of the famous French painters of the nineteenth century, who used to go there primarily for the wonderful food.

This party was a surprise for Denise Vernac, as Von Stroheim told her that he was only inviting a few friends. Later a large party, which included many of the French film world's most notable personalities, arrived by special coach and twenty private cars. The toast to Denise Vernac was proposed by Jacques Becker, the producer, as Von Stroheim speaks very little French.



Florence Marly, the French-born film-star who made her name in South American films; the host, Eric von Stroheim, and Jacques Becker, producer of several French film successes



Mme. Rubin, the producer of the brilliant film "Illusion," with an American officer, another of the guests

PRISCILLA

THE French National Theatre, la Comédie Française, has revived *La Princesse d'Elide*, the *comédie-ballet* that Molière hurriedly wrote in May 1664 and produced one beautiful spring evening in the lovely garden of Versailles. It entered the repertory of the Comédie only in 1692, and was played there for the last time in 1757. Eminent critics maintain that it might well have remained in the dusty limbo of things forgotten, but, for me, Colette's exquisite definition of that which is called "good taste": "*la délicate prudence, la singularité mesurée de ce que nous nommons 'le goût,'*" perfectly applies to M. Georges Le Roy's production, and M. André Obey, the new administrator of the Comédie Française, has been well inspired to revive this charming but sophisticated pastorate at a time when so many foreigners are returning to or visiting Paris for the first time and, not knowing the language and yet wishing to visit the famous theatre, are afraid of being bored by the classics and tantalised by the moderns, neither of which they can follow.

The *Princesse d'Elide* will enchant them with its music—a new score by M. Henri Dutilleul—its lovely decor, the dancing of the children of Colette Salomon's Ecole de Danse, and the perfect acting of such celebrated members of the Maison de Molière as Mmes. Mony Dalmès, Gisèle Casadesus, Irène Brillant and MM. Yonnel and Jean Louis Barrault. The *Princesse d'Elide* is preceded on the programme by *Esther*, the Biblical idyll which Racine wrote for the demoiselles de St. Cyr and which must have been as conscientiously massacred by the young ladies of the *grand siècle* as it is at all the girls' schools and convents to-day. I must make the confession of having remained at the back of the box where, lulled by the beautiful voice of Mlle. Louise Conte, who was making her official début that evening, I had a quiet doze. I had every excuse for being tired, having spent four hours of the afternoon at the dress rehearsal of *Paris Extra Dry* (no allusion, I imagine, to the non-honouring of our wine-ration tickets), the new show that Henri Varna has produced at the Casino de Paris.



Yves Vincent and Louis Salou, who appeared together in "Illusion"

in PARIS

"Showers of Diamanté, Gold and Silver . . ."

THE first performance of a spectacular revue is always something of a strain to the onlooker. Such dazzling gorgeousness may be enjoyable, but it is also somewhat overwhelming. Showers of diamanté, gold and silver, sequins and 'broderies, rich brocades and lovely laces. The Folies Bergère show is reported to have cost 25,000,000 frs. The Casino goes five better, and 30,000,000 frs. is the total! What a way we have travelled since the first production of this kind was given in 1886, and cost—2,000 frs., netting the then astounding benefit of 229,000 frs. for the manager at the end of the run. Nowadays the Casino takes more than this at one performance.

Mlle. Yvonne Darriès, a newcomer to Paris, stars in this production. She is charming and reminds me of Elsie Janis and Cinda Glenn—where are those dear girls of yesterday?—if only for her way of seeming to enjoy herself as much as we enjoy her! She is a brunette, for which the kind gods may be thanked: we are so sick of fuzzy blondes. She is tall and slim, is a good mover, has a really lovely voice, and is most self-possessed when it comes to acting. Most definitely Paris likes her. Many lovely scenes are quite highbrow by reason of the exquisite dancing of Marie-Louise Didion and Christian Arnaut, who have come to the music-hall stage via that of the Grand Opera House. A perfect pair with a technique that ranges from "the classical stuff" to hair-raising acrobatics. The best thing in the whole show is a dance, "La Corrida d'Amour," which they do in the second half of the entertainment. There are some wonderful settings, from a Grecian bas-relief, a sensational chariot race, a magic champagne cup brimming over with sparkling iridescent bubbles which float out over the footlights, to a tropical decor after Gauguin of luscious colouring. And, since we are at the Casino, there are, for them-as-likes-'em, plenty of very naked damsels. I find them somewhat disappointing in these meatless days; they are all so ethereally slim that it would take at least three of them to make one good Porterhouse steak.

During the *entr'acte* I ran across G. K. Benda, the famous French artist and decorator, who was off to London next day, where he will work with Korda on the production of *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, a new technicolor film. He told me the story of how the lights fused in Josephine Baker's dressing-room when she appeared at the Chaillot Gala, and she was obliged to make a quick change illuminated by matches and cigarette-lighters obligingly held by her many friends of the Press, who gathered round and thus came to the rescue. She travelled all the way from Sweden, at her own expense, for this charity show, and had a great reception.

I WONDER whether Lady Louis Mountbatten realises the pleasure she gave the staff and inmates of the Hertford British Hospital when, on arriving in Paris, her first visit was to them? They were still talking about it when I went there this week. Her charm, her freshness, the splendid way she wore her uniform, were a source of delighted comment. The H.B.H. is a "baby" hospital. Not because of the maternity ward, with its pink-clad nurses and dainty fittings, but because it is as compact and tiny and complete as a properly-produced infant is, complete with its tiny nails and downy thatch! From the four big airy wards with their comfortable beds (so unlike the horrors of the public hospitals of the Assistance Publique) looking out over the green lawns and trees of a lovely garden, to the blue-tiled operating theatre, all is spick and span and perfect. There is also a wonderful X-ray plant, the magnificent parting gift of the B.R.C. and Order of St. John, who took over the hospital after Liberation. The nurses' quarters make me think of an English country house, and their sitting-room, with piano, books and flowers, is a place where they can really relax and be happy. Before the war the entire staff was British, but this is not easy to manage now. The efficient theatre nurse is Russian, and in the maternity ward there are some French women. Dr. Miln, the clever young resident doctor, is English, and

so is Miss Feetham, the matron, to whom every-one flies in times of stress and who has a charming way of welcoming her patients and helping them over their troubles. *Enfin*, there is the guardian of the gate, the one and only Corporal York, who remained at his post during the Occupation, when the French Red Cross ran the place for T.B. prisoners of war, and York had to combine all the finesse of a diplomat with the protective truculence that was needed to keep the Occupants at bay. In their own language, "*Alles zu retten, muss alles gewagt werden*" ("To save all, we must risk all"). And York did!

Voilà!

● An information bureau known as "S.V.P." functions in connection with the telephone system in Paris. The subscriber dials the letters S.V.P. and is forthwith connected up with the bureau, which undertakes to answer any question or give any information that is required. This renders untold service, but the best-laid schemes of mice and men . . .

The master of a certain *lycée*, amazed at the suddenly excellent work turned out by a backward scholar, made enquiries and discovered that the boy was in the habit of dictating his homework to S.V.P. and going out to "the pictures" while the answers were being prepared.

The boy may have been a poor scholar but he was certainly a go-getter—while the going was good! *Et voilà!*



Denise Vernac (right), for whom the party was given, and her sister, Jacqueline Vernac



Mme. Ralph Baum with Louis Salou, who was Eric von Stroheim's co-star in "Illusion." Salou specialises in traitor parts

Photographs by Paris-Matin

"THE KINGMAKER"—MEDIE



John Clements as the Earl of Warwick

COSTUMES ARE OUTSTANDING

JOHN CLEMENTS, with Associated Artists, has opened a repertory season at the St. James's with *The Kingmaker*, by Margaret Luce, in which he himself appears as the ambitious but fated Warwick. Though a period play, *The Kingmaker* is entirely modern in conception, from the lack of rhetoric in its dialogue to its announcements of change of scene by loud-speaker.

The costumes are outstanding. Elizabeth Haffenden, who designed them, has achieved an heraldic magnificence which contrasts strikingly with the plainness and solidity of the settings and properties, and although there is a cast of nearly forty, great care has been taken to avoid overcrowding the stage in any particular scene, so that detail is not lost. A clever touch is the design of the drop-curtain which, even in the intervals, keeps the audience reminded of the sombre background, the Wars of the Roses to the conflict between Warwick and Edward IV.

Drawings by George Grayston



Kay Hammond as Elizabeth, Lady Grey



Warwick (extreme right) Listens Scornfully While the

VAL PAGEANTRY AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE



Privy Councillors Wrangle Over the Failure—Engineered by Edward IV.—of His Overtures to France

Alexander Bender

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

HEAVY rain on the floodlit gardens of Hampton Court the other night partly spoiled that Government party to Dominion visitors, or so the Fleet Street boys averred. Yet Art might have triumphed over Nature had some skilful pianist played the guests *Jardins sous la Pluie*, or even *Jeux d'Eau*.

Debussy probably wrote *Jardins* in a country-house where everybody else was damning the weather ("rain and gay little actresses lose their charm after 24 hours"—Old Proverb). Only the musician saw enchantment in the weeping skies and the drowning park, unless there was a director of the Metropolitan Water Board among the Marquise's guests, which seems unlikely. Outside the park walls the local peasantry carried on like the farmers in Maurice Baring's verse, no doubt:

The Duke of Rutland urged *The Times* to pray
For rain; the rain came down the following day.
The pious marvelled, sceptics murmured "Fluke,"
And farmers late with hay said: "Damn that Duke!"

Showing that you please everybody rarely, and agriculturists never, for had it continued fine and hot Baring's hayseeds would have been equally cursing the drought. But rain on a garden is beautiful, and we often wonder why poets and dramatists invariably dodge it in outdoor love-scenes. Possibly Debussy intended his rain-piece for the fountain scene in *Pelléas and Mélisande* (Act IV, Sc. 3), in case the barometer went down. A charming scene it might have made, coming just after that mad embrace and changing the entire opera.

PEL.: All the stars are falling!

(Long silence.)

MÉL.: Stars nothing. It's rain, cuckoo.

(Long silence.)

PEL.: It is rain! I am wet!

(Mél. sneezes suddenly, thus causing Golaud, behind the tree, to drop his sword; which enables Pel. and Mél. to escape to America, where they live a very so-so life and Pel. joins the Elks.)

Quite a thing, that rainstorm, as one might say.

Rite

IT seems that the Javanese dancers now in London gave a display of their elusive art before the war at Cecil Sharp House, G.H.Q. of British Folkdancing. Whether a group of tweedy ladies returned the compliment with some typical native pipe-and-tabor merrie-merrie we wouldn't know. An interpreter could have put everything right afterwards.

Like cricket, British folkdancing is a fertility-rite, as we proved some time ago in a paper read to the Royal Society. Such a dance as (for instance) *Lumps o' Muck*, in which milk-maids in a ring hurl imaginary clods at their rustic pursuers and fly for their lives, derives from the satyr-chase of the Greek forests. Each rustic on catching up with a nymph jabs her on the bustle with his pitchfork, which in Greek choreography is called the *katastrophe*. It is a graceful affair, ending in a free-for-all demonstrating the Return of Spring and the Triumph of Eros. "'Action! Action!' is the cry," we said to the Royal Society boys, many of whose keen, aged eyes were sparkling with interest and cunning. A white-bearded F.R.S., proposing a quavering vote of thanks, said he had once seen an able seaman in Portsmouth smack a lady fully on the Hard, doubtless an epicycloid sub-variant. "That's enough, Porky," said the President, laughing despite himself.

Gesture

IGAVE the bandits some cigarettes and they "kissed my hand," said a girl secretary to the British Embassy, describing a recent armed

hold-up on the Katowicz-Warsaw road. Which shows that our native brigands have still some progress to make in professional good manners.

It's doubtful, however, whether any self-respecting British thug will ever get as far as public hand-kissing, which throws the Race into agonies of sniggering embarrassment, for some reason, like any newsreel spectacle of male foreigners embracing. The odd fact being that until about 150 years ago the males of the Race were the most confirmed reciprocal kissers in Europe. In 17th-18th-century London, men-about-town were always embracing, bussing and slobbering over each other (*cf.* Addison and Steele). "Ecod, Dick, I must kiss thee!" is a stock cry of the hero's in almost every comedy. What ended the custom, so far as we can discover, was George IV's kissing Wellington in tears after a famous private audience. The thought of the Duke's awful beak figuring in such a scene cooled the Race's ardour straight to zero.

A "token" substitute, like that brief hand-clasp in the Canon of the Chaldean Rite symbolising the liturgical Kiss of Peace, might spare decent West End bandits some misery as they polish their technique. Somebody else could hold the victim down.

Check

ANOTHER slab of the Lake District having been taken over by the National Trust, an emotional gossip-boy has been quoting Wordsworth in an apparent attempt to prove that the



"Yes, it smells quite nice, but you're still coming through!"



"Please try and remember this time—the bone for you, the joint for me"



Some of the Spectators

Earl Fitzwilliam and Mrs. Mary Annesley, who is the wife of Mr. Gerald Annesley, the Irish racehorse owner

improving influences of that area are, scientifically speaking, a "constant." He errs miserably.

Even when the great Wordsworth (surnamed "Horse Face") was personally superintending the Lakes, he was distracted by at least two alien influences, as he himself reveals. One was a well-known parrot-type of Bloomsbury intellectual:

The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat . . .

The other was that little terrible tease Lucy, to whose roguery-poguey ways the poet bears bitter testimony:

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs . . .

All hell broke loose at Dove Cottage at times, we surmise, when the sportive girl slapped the brooding poet laughingly on his prehensile snoot and fled down the garden, crying "T'an't tach Baby!" Whether Wordsworth dutifully chased her or whether he let rip a great ugly oath and resumed his musings on the Single Transferable Vote, we do not know. As for that Bloomsbury menace—can't you hear its piping, petulant voice from here, saying over and over again, "One simply can't agree that Coleridge is contemporary, I mean his expression is sheer escapism"?—the poet probably buried him by night in due course, under the herbaceous border, and who wouldn't?

So if you find the Lakes District influence is not improving you as much as the L.M.S. said, don't ask for a refund at Euston. Not that you'll get it, in any case.

Lid

THAT snugly-fitting oval cap newly issued by the Admiralty to check slovenly dressing by the Lower Deck is hardly as smart or serviceable as the hard round glazed hat of Nelson's day, and earlier, which their Lordships might well have re-introduced.

Tom Bowling, A.B., the most virtuous rating in British naval history, wore one; also Sweet William, A.B., betrothed to Black-Eyed Susan,

of whose rosy charm it was whispered in every Service club:

The noblest Captain in the British Fleet
Might envy William's Lip those Kisses sweet. . . .

Sweet William's glazed hat had three advantages: (1) it improved and smartened his homely features, (2) it saved him from concussion when the Master-at-Arms found his newly-scrubbed orlop-deck turned into a love-nest, and (3) it served as a permanent receptacle for sea-shells, the principal gift of sailors to girls at that time. "Nay, Sir," a romantic captain would cry to some admiral about to award Sweet William a rump-and-dozen for loud sighing on duty, "'tis the true Love of Black-Ey'd Susan, the Toast of the Fleet, as tasty a Moppet as e'er sipped a Syllabub." "Zounds, Sir," the admiral would roar, "that Wench is the Scourge of the Service! My lord the First Sea-Lord hath made a Pass or Two at her himself, but the Baggage scorns his Guineas!" To which the captain would reply with a sigh: "'Tis the simple Shells, Sir, in Sweet William's Hat, which purchase (without Risque) that Balmey Kiss." Hence the old Admiralty custom of swopping foreign stamps for sea-shells.

Solution

RECENT midnight-2 a.m. parades of philatelists ramping in queues at West End post-offices to secure the new "Victory" 2½d. and 3d. issues take one a good step further in the age-long search for some explanation of philately, if you ask us.

Why the significant hour, sacred to warlocks and witches? *Because philatelists' wives, snatching a little much-needed sleep, can be awakened with brutal cries and gestures at 2.30 a.m. and forced to stick their tongues out for hours in order to wet the gummed side of the new issues before they are stuck on bits of limp paper.* And because, when their tongues go dry, as inevitably occurs before dawn, *they can be soundly and even fatally beaten.* Wife-beating is probably—this is our theory—the sole reason for philately, and its complete explanation, and quite likely many philatelists are married at this moment to zombies.

Footnote

A ZOMBIE, according to the Voodoo system of Haiti, adopted in 1897 by the Philatelists' Union, is a recently-defunct corpse, deprived by art-magic of its brains, which follows its master round like a robot and does odd jobs. What better mate for a sadist who is forbidden to lick his own stamps (order of the Philatelist-Royal, June 1854) in a country where women are cheap and plentiful?

Sadism—that's our solution, and we defy you to find one more reasonable.

Emotion

NOTING that the lady to whom our old buddy J.B. ("Beachcomber") Morton invariably refers with great politeness as "Mrs. Dietrich" has decided to return to the Hollywood film-racket, you probably remembered the excitement of the Press boys when, soon after the Normandy landings, our troops captured her sister, or maybe it was her third cousin. Coo, the headlines!

A few nights later we dreamed our Home Guard platoon had captured Mrs. Dietrich's uncle. The resultant emotion turned into a symphonic poem for tenor, chorus, and strings, as follows:

I dreamed I captured Marlene's Uncle Fred;

Bought him everything there was;

Nothing too good for Mr. Dietrich—flowers, cigars,
Black Market whisky, Victory Bonds, new
Ronson lighter, clockwork train, moustache-
fixer, knife with corkscrew and bottle-opener,
large tin of Bemax, everything.

Then one day, months afterwards,
As I was fanning Mr. Dietrich while he slept,
He woke and gave me a look,
Dirty. Suspicious. Horrible.

"ARE YOU AFTER MY NIECE?" roared

Mr. Fred Dietrich in a fearful passion.

Well, there.

Never felt more embarrassed in my life.

Worst of it is, I was.

Over the first choral entry in the score ("Nothing too good," etc.), we have written: "Half sneeringly, as if pretending to be ashamed of a princely gesture." Just a guide for Sibelius, Walton, Vaughan Williams, or whoever offers most.



Major Sir Lauriston Arnott and
Mrs. Sean T. O'Kelly, wife of the
President of Eire



Col. Edward L. Fanshawe and his
wife, Lady Beatrix Fanshawe, who
is a sister of Earl Cadogan



Lady Eva Forbes, sister of the Earl of Granard, the Hon. Mrs. Grey
Duberly, whose nephew is Lord Nunburnholme, and Lt.-Col. the
Hon. Bertram Forbes, brother of the Earl of Granard

Poole, Dublin

at the Phoenix Park Races Who Saw the Countess of Dudley's Goldhawk Win the Greystones Plate



Mrs. Noel Newton, Miss Gladys Phillips and Lady Barbara Louther, who is a daughter of the Earl of Lonsdale



Capt. Sheddon, one of the judges, and Lt.-Col. Mansell Jackson, Hon. Secretary of the gymkhana



The Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Norman, who is a daughter of Lord Trent, Mrs. Violet Fanshawe and her godchild, Miss de Burgh

Followers of the Cottesmore Who Were Spectators at a Gymkhana

LAWN TENNIS and Other Pastimes

John Cliffe

Apéritif

"THERE'S a cocktail in the sitting-room for you."

"I am in strict training."

"What for—to report Wimbledon?"

"I am playing in the doubles."

"But you were too old before the war. You ought to know better than to go capering about a tennis-court in front of thousands of people at your age."

"I was chosen for the Davis Cup team this year."

"Only because there wasn't anyone else. Who will win Wimbledon this year, anyway?"

"Dinny Pails, I suppose, or Jack Kramer."

"Where do they come from?"

"Australia and America."

"And the women—one of the Americans?"

"I expect so."

"Who will win the doubles?"

"I suppose it will be the Americans or the Australians."

"Ladies' doubles?"

"Margaret Osborne and Louise Brough—unbeaten in the U.S.A. for six years."

"Kay Stammers and Jean Nicoll should beat them over here. My money will be on them."

"My best wishes will be on them."

"And what about the mixed?"

"Hopman and Miss Osborne or Pails and Kay Stammers, I should think."

"Have you got plenty of seats for Wimbledon every day?"

"Precisely two."

"But that's impossible—we shan't be able to take any friends."

"I do not need a ticket for myself, because I am a member of the Club, a member of the Press and a competitor, and I am incapable of sitting in four different places at the same time."

"Then I'll let you know the people I would like to take and which days."

"That I have already decided."

"What did you say?"

"I said 'That will have to be decided.'"

"I'm just ready now. Will you pour me out a cocktail?"

"Sorry. There's none left!"

By "Sabretache"

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Qui Meruit Ferat

EVERYONE, both in his own and the sister Services, as well as anyone outside them who can see as far as the tip of his own nose, is agreed that no honour has been harder or better earned than the one His Majesty has conferred upon the Supreme Commander S.E.A.C. No one has had a much rougher war than Lord Louis Mountbatten. Before he went to S.E.A.C., a command that was not exactly a picnic, as all who know the climate realise full well, he ought to have been drowned at least three times: twice in the gallant *Kelly* and once in *Javelin*. Both these ships were practically cut in half, and yet he brought them home. H.M.S. *Kelly* was finally sunk in that desperate, and quite one-sided, action off Crete. Every mother's son of her complement had to swim for it, and the survivors were very lucky. Few would have given sixpennyworth of brass farthings for their chance. So far as Lord Louis is concerned, we saw the *Kelly* spirit in that 1936 Royal Navy polo team, and its gallant skipper is not the only player of that ancient and martial game who has earned great distinction in a far rougher one. All the R.N. polo team (Lambe, Heywood-Lonsdale, Robert Neville, R.M.) have done well; Sir Dick McCreery, 12th Lancers, has gone right to the front; the 10th Hussar polo team *en bloc*, particularly Lieut.-General Charles Gairdner; the Bays (Major-General Evelyn Fanshawe); Greys, 11th Hussars, 15th Hussars, in fact, you could almost pick them at random. They have all earned a rise in their handicaps, but none more so than the newest Viscount.

"Polo" in Tokyo

THE following entertaining letter arrives from the office of the Personal Representative of the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom in the British Embassy at Tokyo. I am sure that its contents will enthral anyone who has ever played the great and speedy game of polo. As for me, having seen photographs of Hirohito on a horse and also some of his "cavalry," I am absolutely flabbergasted at the news that any one of them could gallop the length of a Japanese polo-ground without falling off. However, here are the astounding facts:—

You would hardly expect to hear anything about polo in Japan. However, they have a strange game of their own, which they call polo and which I have attempted to play *faute de mieux*. The stick

is made of bamboo only about 3 ft. long, and with a net at one end, somewhat like a very small lacrosse racket. This net enables you, or should enable you, to pick up the ball, which is about the size of a golf ball and is coloured either red or white. There is only one goal, rather like a waste-paper basket. The players are five in number on each side and are dressed in either white or red. Thirty or so balls of each colour are placed at the end of the ground and the object is to pick the ones of appropriate colour from the ground, gallop to the end of the ground where the goal is and try to score a goal. The side that gets twenty of their balls into the goal first wins. It doesn't perhaps sound very exciting, nor indeed is it when compared to proper polo, but there is quite an amount of skill required picking up the balls and galloping away with them without dropping them out of your small net! I have practised quite a bit and am hoping any day to see that my handicap has been raised from 0 to 1.

The joke comes in here. The writer is Lieut.-General Charles Gairdner, formerly Colonel Charles Gairdner, commanding officer of the 10th Hussars, the back of their crack polo team and a near-International. I hope sincerely that he does get the handicap he is out for, and I am sure that all his friends will be very glad to see him home again.

"Even from the Enemy"

THE old Latin saw recommends that we should get any information we can from the opposition. Whatever we may think we know, it is never a bad plan to find out what The Enemy thinks he knows. Where this recent Derby is concerned, for example, you can find as many opinions as you can men. Some will say that the Leger is all over, because there is only one horse in it that can stay, this big grey, Airborne; others that he got a snap division, and may well find that long and level journey at Doncaster quite another pair of shoes; another will say that it is all his eye and Elizabeth Martin about a big one not being able to win at Epsom, and just you look at Airborne, as big, or even bigger, than Happy Knight; another will say, with foam frothing out of his mouth, that we have never had such a rotten field, and that all you dare say for the winner is that he proved the best of a bad lot and that if he had come the shortest way home he would have won by three or four lengths instead of by only one, which proves the point to demonstration; and, lastly, you are quite likely to encounter two opposition glee parties,



at Oakham in Aid of King George's Fund for Sailors

Mrs. Gibson, of Grantham, who was one of the gymkhana committee, and Lt.-Col. Mansell Jackson



Dean, Grantham

Major H. Whaley, from Ashwell, and Mrs. Grenfell, from Hambleton, who had a fine view of the events from the roof of their car

one of which chants that there won't be any "Girls they left behind them," and the other that the fillies are no better than the colts, and that if you think so, you ought to go and consult a psychiatrist or get the bumps of your head read! So what? I suggest: "Hear all, say nowt!"

Figures

At the same time it won't do any of us any harm to take due note of what our friends The Enemy think, because, not only are the bookmakers very sagacious gentlemen, but they do not regard racing as a game of marbles or even shove-ha'penny. Now this is what they say in figures, which, incidentally, so we are told, can be made to prove anything: 5 to 1 Steady Aim (Oaks winner), 6 to 1 Airborne (Derby winner), 8 to 1 White Jacket (fourth in the Derby), 10 to 1 Gulf Stream (runner-up in the Derby), 10 to 1 Peterborough (fifth in the Derby), 12 to 1 Hypericum (fourth in the Oaks), 12 to 1 Iona (second in the Oaks), 14 to 1 Radiotherapy (third in the Derby), 14 to 1 Khaled (unplaced in the Derby), 14 to 1 Happy Knight (easy winner of the Two Thousand and much too far down the course in the Derby to make the form look real), 16 to 1 Edward Tudor (sixth in the Derby), and that is about enough for all present intents and purposes. The two top ones are there by rule of thumb, and may, or may not, deserve their exalted positions. What would you say about the rest of the figures? I suggest these few answers: White Jacket pure guesswork; Gulf Stream, commendable caution; Peterborough, unnecessary caution, strictly on the book; Hypericum and Iona, they do not think the form was quite right; Happy Knight and Radiotherapy, the same thought occurs to them. Bookmakers are not supposed to be tipsters, but I do not think that you need to be much of a thought-reader to interpret what is in their minds. On the whole, I think I agree with their appraisal of the evidence before the court.

How She Picked the Winner

"IN 1944 I backed Ocean Swell; in 1945 Dante, who signified 'The Inferno,' otherwise this earth, so there was only one thing left to do in 1946, back the Air!" And she as simple and pretty as a blush rose! How muddle-headed she has made us all feel!

Extraordinary Likeness!

THIS amazing story comes to me from a very old friend, who managed to give one of those things we used to know called cocktail-parties. In the big room in which most of the guests were congregated, there was a very fascinating portrait of Henry VIII., and one of my friend's guests who, I understand, has a jet-propelled voice through her nose, after gazing intently at it said: "Remarkable likeness—the very spit and image of him!" I expect she must have met the King's wraith just before she arrived!

Racing in the Rain

Towcester Races, Northamptonshire



The Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, brother of Lord Hesketh, with Lady Newtown Butler, wife of Lord Newtown Butler, the Earl of Lanesborough's son and heir



The Hon. Mrs. Sale, who is a daughter of Lord Southampton, her husband, Brig. W. M. Sale, and Sir John Reynolds



Major R. E. Manningham Buller, M.P. for Daventry division of Northamptonshire (right), his daughter Marion and Capt. P. Y. Atkinson



Holloway, Northampton
Mrs. M. Henderson, Lady Wilmot, who is the widow of the late Sir Arthur Wilmot, and Mr. B. Faulkner

ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"Around Cinemas"

"Peggy Windsor and the American Soldier"

"Anna Collett"

Attitude

"AROUND CINEMAS" (Home and Van Thal; 15s.) is a selection of James Agate's film criticism onward from 1921: the last piece is dated March 1945. The making of the selection has been Mr. Agate's work—and no small undertaking, I should say; for it is to this that the book owes its point, meaning and shape. The order remains the order of time: I mean, the essays are placed by their dates, not grouped under subject-headings. The latter *could* have been done, as Mr. Agate discusses films from a number of different angles (acting, plot, pretensions to art, humour or realism, and so on), but personally I am glad it was not. This keeping to the time-order allows for the critic's reflections on so-called progress.

My first article in THE TATLER appeared [Mr. Agate tells us] on September 19th, 1928. It was not, strictly speaking, the first I had ever written about the cinema, since in 1921 I contributed to the old *Saturday Review* an essay on Charlie Chaplin entitled "Hey, But He's Doleful!" To the best of my knowledge this essay was English journalism's first step towards a critical approach to the film. I took the first half of the step in writing the article; Filson Young took the other half in printing it. Two more film articles in the *Saturday*, and then I left the march of serious criticism to others. I have written lightly . . .

My attitude has been that of a man of normal education who, in the course of an idle saunter and brought up against gold braid, has had the Wemmick-like thought: "Hullo! Here's a cinema! Let's drop in!" This book is not intended to be documentary, educational, didactic, comprehensive. It sets forth no æsthetic theory of the film. It is in no sense a history. It is nowhere technical. Of the mechanics of picture-making I know, and desire to know, nothing. I should hate to learn the meaning of "montage." I hold that Pope never wrote a truer line than

For not to know some trifles is a praise.

The principle on which I have chosen my little essays? Not according to the importance of their subject-matter, but according to my liking for what I have written.

I should say that what Mr. Agate liked in his own writing has been ability to get to the pith of the matter. Long after one may have forgotten the matter one recognises its pith. Many of the films criticised here have by now become for us, and probably for him also, ghostly shadowy names: the essays he wrote about them are still important because they contain gem-hard and gem-bright ideas which have not dulled or lost value with time. With every year, the cinema advances mechanically and

becomes more ambitious in its technique: the desiderata of the *good* film, however, remain more or less the same.

Resistance

ALL but five of the ninety-five articles in *Around Cinemas* having appeared in THE TATLER, in these same pages in which you read my review, it may seem absurd to you that I should discuss them. You, readers, know Mr. Agate's film criticism as well as I do: who am I to set myself up to discuss its quality? Let me say that I propose to discuss not its quality, which has long been firmly established, but its nature. Of this nature, one gets the full impact from an assembled book. My first impression would be: here we have a critic on whom it is impossible to put anything across. I have never met anything so solid as Mr. Agate's resistance to sales-talk. By sales-talk I do not merely mean the thundering and screeching commercial publicity that precedes a new film; I mean the current jargon with which highbrow critics hypnotise themselves and infect their humbler fellows, the slavishness of "fans" towards an accepted star, and the predisposition on the part of one part of the public to take it that anything expensive must be impressive, and of another part that anything obscure must be "significant." Mr. Agate's light writing, in our pages, is the ideal instrument for deflation; and is not less good for the registration of pleasure. The cinema stands, first of all, for entertainment; and here is one critic who goes to it in the expectation of being entertained. If he is, he says so, and says why. If he is not, he wishes to know the reason, and arrives at that with destructive speed. At the same time, he allows for the factor of personality which enters so enormously into taste: he speaks as himself, the whole time, not as the fume-veiled oracle. There is a touch, in almost all of these pieces, of "However, by all means go and see for yourself!"

This critic's general cry with regard to the cinema is Meredith's: "More brain, O God, more brain!" The poet's exclamation had as its context, it is sad to remind you, my own sex; and I think it is the hyper-feminine faults of fuss, fluff and fatuity that, in films, annoy Mr. Agate mostly. Though the film industry is in the hands of the sterner sex, its magnates and their henchmen do incurably seem to consider that they have got the ladies taped (or conceivably, they are themselves ladies at heart). Witty actresses; no-nonsense actors; quick-moving, clear and not-improbable plots; sublimities of high nonsense unmarred by whimsy; effective crowd movements (at which, I agree, it has not yet been possible to surpass

D. W. Griffith), convincing decor and scenes and taciturn sorrow—these have, in films, all pleased Mr. Agate's eye. He makes, again and again, the important point that it is the eye one chiefly takes to the cinema, and that the function of sound is to reinforce, not detract from, the visual impression. The *méfiance* with which he went to his first talkie was shared by many of us—and while according, by now, full place to synchronised sound, he still, one may feel, dislikes the *longueurs* of dialogue. He has sustained, in some cinemas, the tortures of over-amplification: how well one knows them! The opening of one picture, he tells us, was ear-splitting:

Each and every character was made by the excessive amplification to shout and yell as though the person within two yards of him were standing on the other side of a crevasse in the middle of an Alpine avalanche. The women's voices, being shriller, were even worse. They were like railway engines shrieking at each other across the wastes of Euston. Can nothing be done about this? Of course it can. Then why isn't it? At one time I thought I should have to leave.

History

MR. AGATE says *Around Cinemas* is not history; but, of course, it is history. I don't see how one can get a better history of the cinema than in a collection, such as this, of the contemporary writings of a critic who regards every innovation with curiosity, and who, without lowering his standards, is prepared to enlarge his ideas. We find Mr. Agate always prepared to revise his opinions, abate prejudices, and even go back, handsomely, frankly and point-blank, on statements he has made earlier on. He is not a static critic. He has such a keen eye for any possible crack in a reputation that many of his writings, in the light of after-events, appear prophetic: not merely old age has accounted for the disappearance of stars from favour. His wit is, of course, final—what have we had better of Garbo than "a superb moper"? And of Elisabeth Bergner, German kid-type tragedienne, I like this: "One tribute I am anxious to pay, and this is to the actress's cuteness. Miss Bergner has realised how gammonable as a race the English are, and that whereas 'I have no milk' is an insignificant pronouncement, 'I haf no meelk!' will be taken by us as the last cry of shattering dolour."

Erring Wives

THIS week I have read two novels on the same subject—and I do not even claim that this was by chance. Usually I like to diversify my book list, but in this case one novel led on to

ÆSOP'S FEEBLES

The Duck and the Eiderdown

This will tell how Plato,
A Khaki-Campbell duck,
Battled against Nature
And thereby came unstuck.

From his early youth he'd
Been completely bald.
All the others ragged him
And the ragging palled.

As the years went on his
Ego felt the strain;
Got a feather-complex—
Sort of feather-brain.

Why did he stay moulted?
Why was he quite bare?
Where did feathers come from?
Where, oh where, oh where?

Maddened by these thoughts that
He could never down,
Twisting on his cot, he
Bit the eiderdown.

Heavens! Fate it seemed had
Tortured him enough;
And now relenting gave him
Loads of lovely fluff!

Loads of lovely feathers
Little ones and big!
All he had to do was
Make himself a wig.

Golly, did he make one!
Golly, what a size!
Bigger than a *swan's*—but
Golly, was he wise?

When the wig was finished
Plato sallied out;
The day was very windy;
The wind blew things about.

Things like balls of feathers,
Things like puffed-up pride,
Things like *great big swans with*
Only ducks inside.

The wind took hold of Plato,
Plucked him off his feet,
Hoisted him nine miles and
Dropped him on the street.

Again it picked him up and
Smacked him on the deck,
Again . . . and at the sixth shot
It rather broke his neck.

Immoral: The eiderdown will keep you warm.
Bite it, and it will do you harm.

the other; I was so much interested to study two different treatments of the same theme that to break the connection seemed artificial. There are occasions when novels, sincerely written, may help life; and I want to take off my hat to two novelists who have tackled, in no frivolous or unduly audacious spirit, one of the most pressing and tragic problems raised by war: that of marital infidelity. The central characters in both these books are likeable, potentially good women transformed by circumstance into unfaithful wives.

First, here is Frank Tilsley's *Peggy Windsor and the American Soldier* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.). Frank Tilsley, an essentially masculine novelist, ranks high in his understanding of ordinary human nature: he shows a fair-mindedness which is always attractive; deliberately, he is on the prosaic side. His novel before this, *Jim Comes Home*, was one of the best studies of marriage, from a novelist of his generation, that I have read. He does not take the soft-option course of satirising respectability; he shows how salutary, how sweet, and how really difficult to arrive at it can be. In *Peggy Windsor and the American Soldier*, his heroine is of the urban lower middle-class of which he always writes. Peggy Windsor is a twenty-two-year-old wife, pretty, longing to be domesticated, deeply in love with her husband, David, who, now an R.A.S.C. sergeant, is away in Italy. She lives alternately with her parents and her parents-in-law, who are neighbours in Streatham, and works in a house-agent's office. In spite of her girl friends' invitations, she prefers to spend her evenings at home—as everybody complains, moping. Fate, however, throws an American soldier, an Air Force gunner, across her path. Nick Beaman is, like Peggy, a decent soul, respectful of Peggy's devotion to her husband, liking her for her unlikeness to the gold-digging types who have beset him since his arrival in England, and never, at heart, untrue to his own wife, Carol, left behind in America.

Everything—unhappiness at home, need for companionship, revulsion against the house-racket in which her work in the agent's office is involving her (this is spring 1944)—combines to drive Peggy into Nick's arms.

It wasn't simply that he was being clever; he was being generous and demonstrative. They all seemed to be alike, the Americans. You couldn't choke them off, simply refuse to have anything to do with them—not when you'd somebody away yourself as lonely as they were; not when they were here to fight for you. Flying up in those machines day after day, being shot down over Germany. You felt too grateful to them. Thirty-seven they'd lost yesterday. The schoolboy from Dulwich said there were ten men in each Fortress—that was three hundred and seventy men never came back yesterday. One day! Three hundred and seventy! One of them might easily have been Nick.

You had to be lonely yourself to appreciate how they felt.

David Windsor comes back to England to an O.C.T.U.; Peggy, unable to hide anything, blurts out the revelation when she meets his train. In this third part of the story, the interest shifts to the disillusioned young husband and his feeling. The final conversation between the husband and wife, entombed in a Morrison shelter during a V-1 raid, is as humanely true and poignant as anything Mr. Tilsley has yet written.

The Prisoner

IN *Anna Collett* (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s.) we have a woman's approach to the same problem. Barbara Lucas's treatment is admirably unsentimental and austere—and there is more awareness of sin (in the religious rather than ordinary human sense) than in the Tilsley novel. By popular judgment, Anna could be found more indefensible than Peggy: she has not been left alone; she lives safely with her dull, kind husband and her adored child on their Oxfordshire farm; she has fallen in love deeply, poetically, passionately, with Mario, an Italian prisoner working on their land. Anna is, by Miss Lucas, not defended: she is, however, analysed and explained. I share the publisher's expectation that *Anna Collett*, as a remarkable novel, will be widely discussed.



The Bishop of Dorchester (Dr. G. B. Allen) talking to the Earl of Selborne, one of the speakers at the Oxford Canning Club dinner



Left to right: Major J. Boyd-Carpenter, Lord Quickswood (President), Mr. Henry Strauss, M.P., and Sir Charles Petrie



Johnson, Oxford

Oxford Canning Club Dinner

The annual dinner of the Oxford University Canning Club was held recently in Christ Church Dining Hall. Above, Lord Cherwell (right) and Mr. J. Hennessey (left) are seen with the Secretary, Mr. M. de L. Daglish, of New College

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Treloar — Case

Lt. Charles E. Treloar, R.N.V.R., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Treloar, of Parkwood Road, Tavistock, married Miss Dorothy J. V. Case, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. V. Case, of Rose Cot, Tavistock, at Tavistock Parish Church



Firth — Jacks

Mr. Michael Bodley Firth, youngest son of the late Major Firth and of Mrs. Firth, of White Cottage, Biddenham, Bedford, married Miss Gwendoline A. Jacks, elder daughter of the late Mr. W. H. B. Jacks, of Assam, India, and of Mrs. Jacks, at St. Mary Abbots, W.8



Grissell — Tew

Capt. Michael Grissell, only son of the late Lt.-Col. B. S. Grissell and of Lady Astley Cubitt, of Apsley House, St. John's Wood, married Mrs. Rosemary Hope Tew, widow of Lt. T. M. P. Tew, 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, and only daughter of Lt.-Col. R. J. W. Heale, of Woolston Grange, Williton, Somerset



Hough — Hennessy

Major Anthony Derek V. Hough, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hough, of Folyats, Ongar, Essex, married Miss Patricia Valerie Hennessy, daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Hennessy, of The Cottage, Stondon Massey, at St. Nicholas Church, Fyfield, Essex



Whitworth — Wilson

Capt. Henry Whitworth, M.B.E., of Pocklington, Yorks, married Miss Cynthia Wilson, youngest daughter of Mr. F. Aubrey Wilson, of Hawick, at St. Cuthbert's, Hawick. General Sir Miles Dempsey was best man to his former A.D.C. and Junior Commander O'Grady, A.T.S., was bridesmaid



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Jean Lorimer's Page



Harrods call this dance frock Anne. It was designed originally as a bridesmaid's frock but has proved itself equally popular for dancing. It can be made to order in white organdie and in a number of soft pastel colourings



Classical lines slimly define the figure in this lovely Debenham and Freebody evening gown. It is of white crepe cleverly draped and folded at the neck-line and flowing out at the waist into a graceful, cleverly-cut skirt

Photographs by Peter Clark



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Stories from Everywhere

A SUNDAY school teacher, having told her class the story of Joseph and the coat of many colours, put the question:

"Who forced Joseph into the pit?"

The answer came pat from a very small boy:

"Please, miss, Mr. Bevin."

TWO Civil Servants worked at the Admiralty, both employed in the same department. One of them finished his work at five to the tick every day and went home. But the other just couldn't get through his work until eight or after, and was always the last to leave the department.

One day, the late worker asked the early bird how he managed to get through so quickly every day. The other replied with a chuckle: "Well, whenever a job is passed to me that looks a bit sticky and likely to take a long time, I just attach a note saying: 'Refer to Commander Jones.' There's always bound to be a Commander Jones in a place like this somewhere, so it always works."

The next moment he backed away as the other leapt upon him. "Oh, you do, do you!" cried the leaping man, "Well, I'm Commander Jones."

THE new arrival at the hotel was proving rather difficult. "The proprietor says, madam," said the hotel clerk, after a tirade from the lady, "that he will move your dressing-table, alter the position of your bed, let you have another blanket, and provide some wedges for your windows. Also he is going to stop the clock striking on the landing, and give you a separate table at the window in the dining-room—but he is afraid that he can do nothing about the weather, and you will have to take that as you find it."

AN American judge, failing to be re-elected, was made cashier of a local bank. A man presented a cheque to be cashed.

"Don't know you," said the new cashier.

The customer produced a credit card, a business card, and a bundle of letters addressed to himself.

"Not sufficient identity," said the cashier, pushing the cheque back.

"Why, judge," protested the man, "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence than that."

"Maybe so," said the ex-judge, "but when you're paying out money you have to be careful."



Mrs. Frederick Grisewood, by Arnold Mason, A.R.A., is one of the six portraits by that fine artist in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy. Mrs. Grisewood is the wife of Mr. "Freddie" Grisewood, known to all B.B.C. listeners. He also writes for many magazines and periodicals and is a good all-round games player. Mrs. Grisewood is the daughter of Mr. E. C. Scriven of Grayshott, Hampshire, and married Mr. Grisewood in 1941

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Gita de la Fuente made her London debut as a singer this month at the Wigmore Hall. She is twenty-four. She won the Heilbut Scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music, which she held for four years, and can sing fluently in seven languages. In Birmingham, where she gave a recital a few weeks ago, a commentator wrote: "She has a grand voice and a grand technique. She sings with her heart and eyes as well as her voice"



This is the Beauty News!

Crème Simon is being made again! Soon there will be more in the shops! Crème Simon is the different skin food, used a different way. Moisten the face well. Then massage with Crème Simon for 30 seconds while skin is still damp. This different beauty treatment keeps skin young, helps make-up last all day. Use, also, Poudre Simon, or La Nouvelle Poudre Simon—fashion's powders.

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Correct Fastenings—

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Fewer frocks, but more changes of accessories to give them variety. That is the gallant way we are coping with the clothing shortage. And it is so easy to change the accessories of a frock if they are made to snap into place with snap fasteners.

A few snaps sewn on along the neck of a plain round-necked frock, and perhaps two or three sewn on down its centre front—and the frock is ready to take on any guise at a moment's notice. If it is a tailored looking morning frock you require, you snap a white lingerie round the neck and a row of material-covered buttons down the front. Or you can leave the neck plain and perhaps clip on a bow-and-button trimmed strap down the front. Comes the afternoon or evening, and you clip on in-

stead a dainty lace collar and lace jabot, or stud on a few tiny bows down the front and a box-pleated lace ruffle round the neck and sleeve base.

Keep a stock of Newey's snap fasteners by you for adding your adjustable accessories, for they are rustproof and washable—and so easy to sew on. The secret of the latter is that the studs are made with a sewing-on guide through the centre, so that one can sew on the two halves to co-ordinate exactly without the tiresome business of measuring and adjusting required with ordinary snaps.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Fly to Touraine

JULY is to be a good month for those who want to fly away for a little while. There is the Deauville Rally on the 15th, and there is the festival which has the inviting name of the "Seventh Air Rally of the Grands Vins de Touraine de la Loire," on the 6th and the 7th.

Both of these shows were popular before the war. The Touraine event is organised by the Aero Club de Touraine and the programme alone makes one's mouth water. The entrance fee of 2,000 French francs includes the hotel charge, luncheons, official dinner, and—this is the part that thrills—"a visit to the wine vaults in the district where visitors may taste the wines."

I hear that customs and currency exchange facilities are to be provided at the aerodrome of St. Symphorien, at Tours, where the rally is being held. With a few more such events it will be worth any price to own an aeroplane and to learn to fly it.

Is It Safe?

WHETHER the risks of accidents at the time of the Victory fly-past over London were calculable I do not know. To me the whole of the fly-past seemed dangerous. Engines are much more trustworthy than they used to be, but they still do fail sometimes. And with London solid with people, a forced landing from below 1,000 feet, even with plenty of stored speed at the start, might be unpleasant.

Or perhaps I am expressing an old-fashioned view, born of old-fashioned aeroplanes. If so—if flying low down over London and other densely built-up areas is really safe—then let us amend the regulations which prohibit it for civil aircraft and see that the new regulations which are now in preparation are worded accordingly.

It would be an advantage if the public would accept low flight over London and other cities as a normal proceeding and the risks involved as an acceptable hazard. For if we are ever to use helicopters for the final taxi trip to central London, there must be low-flying over London.

And it is arguable that a pedestrian accepts as great a risk from every motor car that passes him at more than twenty miles an hour as he would accept from an aeroplane passing at 500 feet overhead. If a wheel came off the motor car or the driver fainted, the car might mount the pavement and kill the pedestrian. If a wing came off the aeroplane or the pilot fainted, the aeroplane might kill him. Engine stoppage alone in a twin-engined or four-engined machine would not entail a forced landing.

Perhaps after all we shall get accustomed to aircraft flying low over London and shall no longer look on it as an undue risk. That, anyhow, is one way of interpreting the fly-past on the occasion of the Victory celebrations.

Shock for V.I.P.s

SPLENDID news comes from Air France. The company is starting its South American service again—in fact, will have started it by the time these notes appear—and it is to abolish priorities on the route. Let us hope that it is the beginning of the end of that incubus on air travel, the V.I.P.

Air France has more experience than any other operating company on the South Atlantic, having started its service in 1936 and having done more than four hundred crossings. But it is the no-priority feature that may be the most important.

It would be useful if all foreign companies were to follow suit and to abolish priorities and so check the entirely unnecessary travel of hundreds of Government officials. They are the people who are using up petrol which ought to be available for private flying and for motoring. And so far as can be seen their comings and goings merely exacerbate the international situation.



S/Ldr. C. G. C. Rawlins, D.F.C., of the Norman Chapel, Broad Campden, son of Mr. R. C. S. Rawlins, of Gibraltar, and step-son of Mrs. Rawlins, married Miss Rosemary (Patsy) Jensen, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jensen, of Maulway House, Camberley, at St. Peter's Church, Frimley, Surrey

No Complaint

SOMETIMES it is said that the American newspapers give British aviation and British motoring less than their due praise. Of one United States aviation paper at any rate that is not true. I speak of *Flying*. This paper, with which I have long been associated, devoted a whole special number to the Royal Air Force.

Moreover it succeeded where British papers had all failed in getting Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Portal of Hungerford, to write for it when he was Chief of the Air Staff. It did the Royal Air Force very well indeed, with magnificent photographs of British aircraft taken in colour.

And it still does give full scope to British work. But its task is a little difficult for it is now *Flying's* policy to devote a great deal of attention to the personal aeroplane and we have been somewhat slow in starting with these machines.

But it is nonsense to say—
as an evening paper said the other day—that the American aviation papers fail to give British aeronautical work any credit.

Jet Boat

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL's idea of using a jet-driven boat for an attack on the world motor-boat speed record is interesting. But I have not yet seen any details of how it is to be done and until then I prefer to express no opinion on the technical side.

What I can say is that it is a fine effort for Sir Malcolm to come into the record-breaking field again. He has had many successes there and he knows how to ensure that the detail work is carefully attended to before the record attempt is made. This is one of the secrets of success. His new venture will assuredly be his most interesting.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN

Medical Science and skill are employing every weapon in their power to combat this dread disease. But it is to us they turn for the necessary funds to help relieve the terrible sufferings of thousands of human beings. Our contributions will further research which will one day doubtless find a cure for cancer. Every penny we can spare brings that day nearer."

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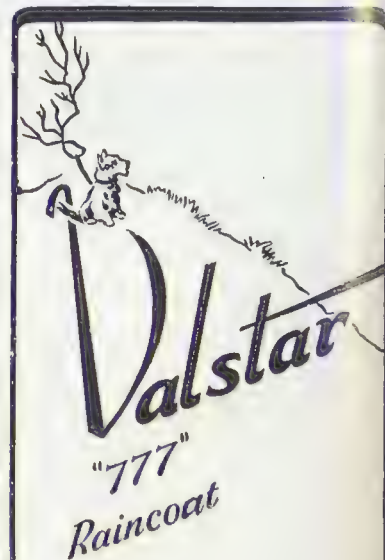


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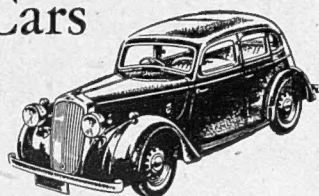
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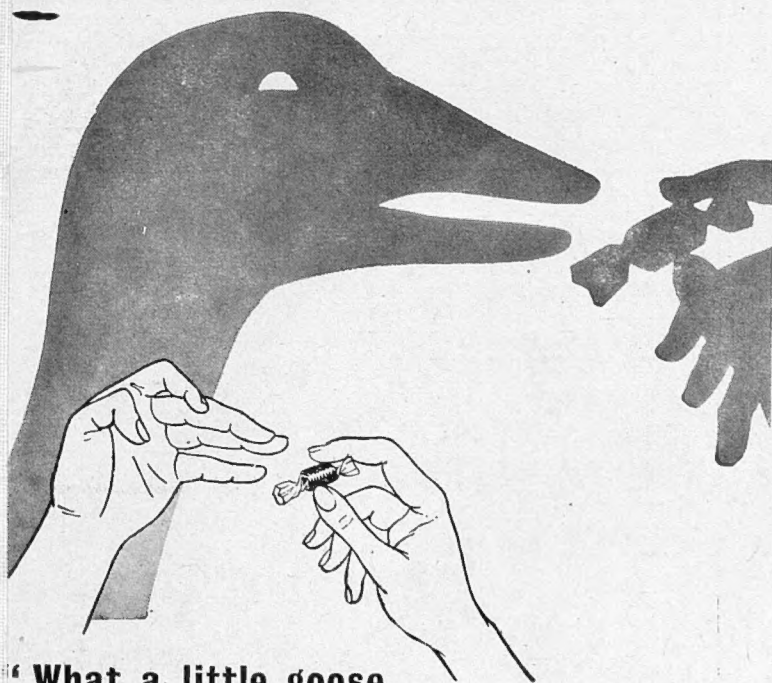
Dealers, is the first of the new models on which we base our conviction that you can.

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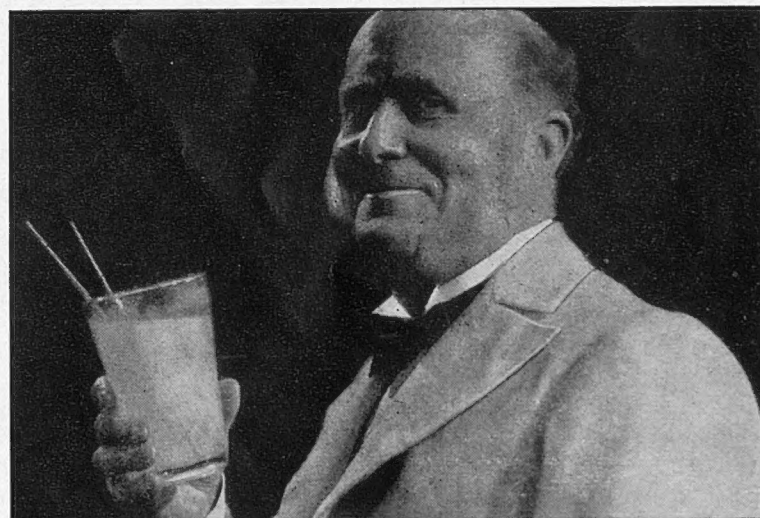
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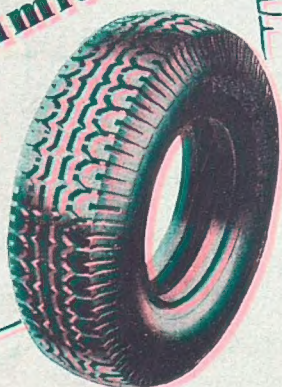
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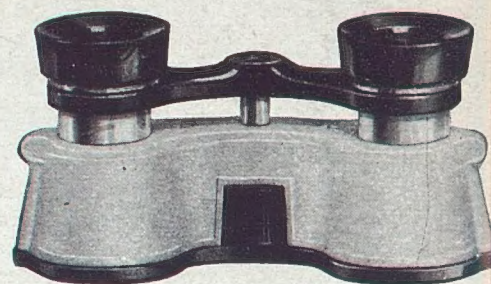
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Obtainable everywhere in
moderate quantities.

**BLUE SKY
GOLDEN SUN
GREEN TREES
PINK BLOSSOM
RED APPLES**

**WHITE-WAYS
CYDER**



**1/6
PER SCREW
QT. FLAGON
Bottle Extra**

Down in the heart of 'Glorious Devon'—In the path-way of the sun—the Whiteways have been growing apples and making cyder for over 300 years.

MEDIUM-SWEET
OR DRY.



WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS